THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TO A LOCKET.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Oh, casket of dear fancies—
Oh, little case of gold—
What rarest wealth of memories
Thy tiny round will hold;
With this first curl of baby's
In thy small charge will live
All thoughts that all her little life
To memory can give.

Oh, prize its silken softness,
Within its amber round
What worlds of sweet remeberings
Will still by us be found;
The weak shrill cry so blessing
The curtained room of pain,
With every sinless feeling
To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mind us of her lying
In rest soft-pillowed deep,
While, hands the candle shading,
We stole upon her sleep—
Of many a blessed moment
Her little rest above
We hung in marvelling stillness—
In ecstasy of love.

'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine
For all our shadowed days,
Of all her baby wanderings,
Of all her little ways,
Of all her tiny shoutings,
Of all her starts and fears,
And sudden mirths out-gleaming
Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care—a watching—
A hope—a laugh—a fear
Of all her little bringing
But we shall find it here;
Then tiny golden warder,
Oh, safely ever hold
This glossy silken memory,
This little curl of gold.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Hardy awoke early on the next morning, and while his wife still slept, meditated the questions of right, duty, prerogative, and the sources of domestic peace. His conclusions were simple confirmations of the night's purposes. All their present trouble arose, in his view, from the fact, that his wife desired to have her own will in all things, a desire so unreasonable and so impossible that the very fact of its existance filled him with astonishment. The pertinacity she had exhibited vexed him. The peculiar character of his manliness gave him a feeling of contempt for woman's strength, and he felt piqued that so fragile, mild, and heretofore so gentle and yielding a woman, should be able to hold him in something like defiance.

Very coolly, and after grave deliberation, did Mr. Hardy decide upon his course of action towards his wife for at least that day. If there was any failure on her part to meet him cheerfully, and to diffuse that warm sunlight in his home which he had a right to expect from her presence, he would immediately withdraw himself, and that in a way she must feel as a rebuke.

"If she wish to play the game of endurance, she will find her match in John Hardy," he said, resolutely, to himself.

Mrs. Hardy did not awake until after her husband had left the chamber. Perceiving that it was late, she hurriedly attired herself, so as to be ready to join him at the breakfast table when the bell rang. Her mind had become much calmer through the restoring power of sleep, and she had clearer views of her duty, and the necessity of studying more carefully the tastes and peculiarities of her husband, so as to adapt herself to them.

"I must be more of a woman, and less of a child," she said. "Having stepped forth into the world, I must meet the world in a braver and more enduring spirit. My husband cannot mean to do me wrong; he only misunderstands me. I am too sensitive. Heretofore all my wishes have found so prompt a gratification that I have learned to expect too much. Why should I not have disappointments to bear as well as others? There must be something rong in my manner, or else John would not be impatient with me."

The breakfast bell rang while Mrs Hardy thus liked with herself, and she stepped forth quickly from her room, and joined her husband as he descended the stairs.

"Good morning!" she said, with a smile, and bent toward him, expecting the usual kiss at meeting. But her husband did not offer the desired salute.

What a chill of disappointment went over her eelings. She drew her hand within his arm, ompelling herself to the act, and thus they entered the breakfast-room.

Mr Hardy looked serious, and showed no inlination to converse. Mrs. Hardy tried to appear at ease, and to seem cheerful. But the aspect of her husband's face troubled her; and she felt the little artificial strength she had summoned up, gradually dying out. Suddenly self-control departed, and, powerless to restrain them, tears commenced dropping over her cheeks. There was no sobbing, nor visible agitation of the body; no sign of inward pain except the silently falling tears. At first Mr. Hardy did not observe them, so perfectly were other manifestations repressed; but looking in a few moments, and seeing them glittering upon her cheeks and filling her eyes, he let his knife and fork drop from his hands, as if in instant surprise. A little while he gazed sternly on his weeping wife; then, without uttering a word, he pushed back his chair, arose, and left the room. He did not go up stairs, nor linger in the parlors, but took his hat from the stand in the hall, and went immediately from the house.

Mrs. Hardy's tears ceased to flow instantly. She tried to rise and follow her husband, but all strength had forsaken her limbs. She tried to call after him, but her vocal organs were paralyzed. And so she sat motionless for a little while, until the life blood, which had receded under this new blow, came back again along its wonted currents, and the power of acting from the will was restored. Very quietly she arose, and with slow steps passed from the breakfast-room, and up to the sitting room above. She had strength to go no farther. Two hours afterwards she aroused herself from a state bordering on mental stupor, and by a forced effort, compelled herself to go over to her chamber, and there make some changes in her toilette, so as to be in a condition to see visitors shou'd they call. Happily she was spared the pain of meeting any one during the morning.

As the time for her husband's return approached, Mrs. Hardy felt herself growing weaker and weaker, and less able every moment to force her exterior into the semblance of cheerfulness—less able to keep back the tears that dimmed her vision. At last the little French time piece on the mantle rang the hour of two. Hurriedly did Mrs. Hardy start from her chair; anxiously she surveyed herself in the glass; then bathed her eyes with cold water, hoping to remove therefrom the red traces of weeping. Yet even as she held the wet napkin to her face, tears mingled with the water by which she hoped to hide all evidence of their flow.

"Vain! Vain!" she murmured. "I am not impassive marble!"

A few minutes elapsed, and yet the dreaded sound of her husband's feet along the hall and on the stairs did not smite upon her ears. Gradually suspense changed to a new feeling.

"He is late to-day," she said, as she glanced toward the clock and saw that, since the stroke of two, the minute hand had moved forward, until it pointed to the second figure on the dial.

A sudden fear that Mr. Hardy did not mean to come home before nightfall, chilled her heart. Could it be possible that, nursing his anger against her, he could act with such deliberate cruelty?

Five, ten, fifteen minutes more went by. The waiter knocked lightly at the chamber door. Mrs. Hardy answered in a tone of forced composure.

"Is Mr. Hardy coming home to dinner?"

"Yes," she answered.

"It is nearly half-past two," said the waiter.

"Something has detained him. Do not serve dinner until he comes."

At three o'clock the waiter rapped on her door again.

"Shall we have dinner, ma'am? I don't think Mr. Hardy is coming."

"You can clear away the table. I don't wish for anything," replied Mrs. Hardy.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" asked the waiter.

"You may, if you please."

"And a piece of toast?"

"Yes."

These were brought but not tasted. Mrs. Hardy consented to receive them merely to gratify the waiter and save appearances.

During the afternoon her mother came in. Jane met her with a more composed exterior than she thought it possible to assume, though all traces of pain could not be hidden.

"Why did you not come down last night?" she inquired. "Your father was very much disappointed."

"Mr. Hardy returned just enough fatigued with care and business to wish for a quiet evening at home," replied the daughter. "And I could not find it in my heart to urge him to go out with me."

"Ah, I see how it is. John is going to be one of your home-loving men," said Mrs. Enfield. "And I am glad of it. How much better than if he saw no attraction at home. In this, my child, you have great cause for thankfulness. I know many wives who would give worlds did they possess them, if that would endow their husbands with home-loving qualities. This, depend upon it, Jane, is the chief of virtues."

Mrs. Hardy sighed faintly, but made no answer.

"It is well," she thought within herself, "that my mother sees no deeper. May she ever remain ignorant, as now, of the fearful ordeal through which I am passing."

"I am going to spend the afternoon with you," said Mrs. Enfield, "and your father will be here to tea. If you can't go to see him, he is coming to see you."

"Oh, I am so glad he is coming!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, light breaking over her face. "I was so unhappy last evening about disappointing him, I cried myself to sleep."

"That was foolish, my daughter; and hardly fair to your husband, particularly as he preferred staying at home for the enjoyment of your company. You must be very guarded here, Jane. Young husbands never like to see clouds on their wives' faces. They bargained for sunshine, not shadows and tears. You have known but little of disappointment in your short life, and, therefore, it is hard to bear."

"I never felt myself so weak as I now am," said Mrs. Hardy, tears filling her eyes. "Life is all a new experience to me. But I shall grow wiser and stronger by-and-by. It was wrong in me to have felt disappointed last night, when Mr. Hardy said that he did not wish to go out, desiring rather to enjoy the rest and quiet of his own home, after a wearying day's labor. It did seem to me that he was selfish in refusing to go; and I am afraid that I was not as amiable, in consequence, as I should have been."

"That was wrong, very wrong, my daughter!" said Mrs. Enfield.

"Perhaps it was; and I have been sufficiently punished. But I will study, hereafter, self-denial, and a cheerful acquiescence in all my husband's wishes."

"There ought to be no self-denial, Jane," replied Mrs. Enfield. "That word is too cold and hard. Ought not your husband's wishes to be your pleasure?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then seek to make them your pleasure. If he, in the beginning of your wedded life, manifests what seems to you an undue regard for himself and a forgetfulness of those loving attentions once so abundantly bestowed, do not let this bring clouds over the clear horizon of your spirit to darken the sun of love. Still keep your sky clear that the sun may shine. Love creates love. Seek his pleasure in all things; yield to his wishes in all things; and soon, from the surface of his life, will be reflected back upon you affection's warmest sunbeams. Thus you will bind him to you with three-fold cords—and all your after life will overflow with blessings."

While Mrs. Enfield spoke, her daughter laid her face, as much for concealment, as in weakness, upon her mother's bosom. Recovering, in a little while, the self-control she was losing, she lifted her head and replied—

"I am neither very wise nor very strong, mother. Some things look dark to me, and some things I have not yet gained strength to bear. But wisdom and strength will both come, I trust, in their own good time. I pray for them daily."

"Every new order of life brings a new experience, my daughter," said Mrs. Enfield; "and, in most cases, new trials. The change from maidenhood to wifehood, rarely, if ever takes place, without some jarring in the life-machinery. But if love be in the heart, all the new movements will soon acquire the most perfect accord. Brides' tears water the garden of love."

"That may be so, mother," replied Mrs. Hardy. "But do they not, sometimes, give fresh life to weeds as well as to flowers?"

"There should be no weeds in love's garden," said Mrs. Enfield, smiling.

"Then it must not be planted in a human heart:" Mrs. Hardy spoke in sober earnest.

"You may be right, my child," remarked Mrs. Enfield in a graver tone. "Weeds will spring up in the human soul as well as goodly plants. Be it our task to uproot the one, and cultivate the other. And now, dear, let us change the subject. How is my young housekeeper getting along in her new establishment? Everything looks in order as far as I have seen. You are doing wonders."

"Don't praise too early, my good mamma," said Mrs. Hardy. "Everything is new and in order. Wait a few months, and see then how my housekeeping will speak for itself. I have some doubt in regard to the heartiness of your commendation."

A lighter and more cheerful tone of feeling now prevailed, and the afternoon passed so pleasantly with Mrs. Hardy, that she wondered at her own state of mind, considering the unhappy condition of affairs between herself and husband.

At the usual time Mr. Hardy returned home, and met his wife and mother in-law in such a bland, frank, gladsome way, that Mrs. Hardy felt her heart grow warmer in the sunshine of his presence. Mr. Enfield came in soon afterwards, and as Mr. Hardy grasped his hand with impressive cordiality, he said, in a familiar, offhand way.

"You didn't succeed in your design last evening."

"What design?" was naturally inquired.

"Of making our home lights dim in order that yours might burn the brighter. Were you very much disappointed at not seeing us?"

"Yes. Why didn't you come down?"

"Home was too pleasant, and its magnetism too strong. Now do you wish to know what I thought of your invitation to spend the evening?"

"What did you think of it?"

"That you were a very selfish man."

"How so?"

"To covet my property."

"Your property?"

"My enjoyment, then. For nearly twenty years the presence of your daughter has been like a broad beam of sunshine in your dwelling, daily. She has set there, and risen in the fair horizon of my home. And scarcely has the light begun to shine ere you seek to remove it, that it may fall on you again."

"And do you greatly wonder, that, in darkness, I pine for the vanished light, or covet a few fleeting rays?" said Mr. Enfield, smiling, yet serious.

"Perhaps I ought not to wonder," replied Mr. Hardy. "Nor should you wonder that I feel too happy in these golden beams to wish them withdrawn for an instant."

"We did not ask you to let us remove the light from your candlestick; we only desired you to come to us in the light, and let us share, for a brief season, the mutual blessing. But, like most young husbands, I see you are selfish, and too happy in your wedded life to be able to sympathize with the father and mother. Nor should I complain of this. Jane is the apple of our eyes. Make her happy, and we shall be happy. If you will not come to us, we will come to you. All the green things in our hearts would blanch to a sickly hue if the sunlight of her presence were wholly removed."

"If her life is not crowned with happiness," said Mr. Hardy, impressively, "the fault will not be mine." And he glanced with a tender expression towards his young wife, who caught the look and treasured it like a precious thing in her heart.

Very kind, very gentle, very considerate towards his wife was Mr. Hardy during all the evening, and to her parents he was unusually attentive. Not a shadow flitted over his open, manly countenance; not a tone escaped him that left upon any one a depressing influence. His wife looked at him, at times, in wonder, as sober memory recalled the incidents of the day. She had not inquired the reason of his failure to return at dinner time, and he had made to the fact no allusion. Every time she thought of this her spirits sunk, and her heart trembled. But with all the force of will that she could command, did she push aside unpleasant images, and seek to rest in the more genial present.

As Mr. and Mrs. Enfield walked homeward that night, the former said,

"Thinks look brighter and more hopeful. There is something exceedingly agreeable about Mr. Hardy. I like, particularly, his kind, considerate manner towards Jane. He seemed very desirous to make her feel happy. And yet, from some cause, she was not altogether at ease."

"I am afraid," remarked Mrs. Enfield, "that she expects too much from her husband."

"An error into which most young wives fall," replied Mr. Enfield. "But time will correct this. I cannot say that Mr. Hardy is my choice for our daughter's husband. I think he lacks refinement of feeling, and delicacy of perception. Still, he has strong common sense, and sterling, manly qualities."

"And above all," said Mrs. Enfield, "is a home loving man."

"One of the chief essentials of domestic happiness. Our daughter might have done a great deal worse."

"Very true," answered Mrs. Enfield. We have cause of thankfulness, that she has done so well. I talked to her very seriously about her state of mind, this afternoon. She has been making herself unhappy, I find, because Mr. Hardy preferred staying at home, to coming down to our house, last evening."

"He might have gratified her," said Mr. Enfield. "I don't like to see young husbands putting on the selfish quite so soon. It comes early enough after the honey-moon, in all cases."

"I think there is some excuse for him," replied Mrs. Enfield, "considering his peculiar character and feelings. He had set his heart upon a home, you know; and gained it through slight opposition. Company intruded upon his first domestic evening, and we asked him to spend with us the hours of the second. We were, perhaps, a little thoughtless, and should not wonder at his resistance. He wanted to enjoy his own home."

"No doubt you are right," said Mr. Enfield. "I only desire their happiness. God grant them blessings in full measure."

The face of Mr. Hardy, as he he parted with Mr. and Mrs. Enfield at the door, was full of smiles, and his voice as bland as summer. His wife stood by his side; and as he turned from the door, after bidding them good night, she drew her hand within his arm, and leaned close to him. Thus they walked along the passage, and ascended the stairs to the sitting-room in silence. As they came into the stronger light, Mrs. Hardy looked up into his face—a loving word just ready to leap from her tongue. She had forced back all remembrance of the day's sad trials; and cared now only for the loving smiles of her husband, in the warmth of which she had passed the evening. A single glance caused her to recede a pace, and sent the bounding life-blood back upon her heart! His eyes were stern and cold; his brow disfigured by a frown; his lips just parting with an angry curl.

"Did you think I could forget?" He spoke harshly. "John Hardy never forgets!"

The stricken young wife staggered backwards to a chair, and sunk down upon it, weak as a little child.

"John Hardy never forgets!" he repeated the words in a slower and more emphatic voice. "Such things are not to be forgotten. It is no light thing to darken with clouds and vapors the clear sky of a man's home—to rob him of the highest earthly good—to assail him with rebuking words. And then, forsooth, to expect oblivion on his part! There may be men who will tamely bear all this; but John Hardy is not one of them. He can be as gentle as an infant, if met by loving acquiescence; but is hard as the nether millstone under opposition; and the sooner you comprehend this, the better it will be for both of us."

For a little while, Mr. Hardy stood erect, gazing down upon the crouching form of his wife. Then, repressing with some effort, his inclination to give utterance to more cutting words, he turned away, and seating himself by a centre table, on which the gas light was falling, took up a book, and made the attempt to get interested in its contents. He read on for a page or two, with only a dim comprehension of the subject—his thought really on his wife, and expectation looking each moment for some sign of feeling from her. But she remained silent and motionless. After awhile he glanced stealthily over the top of the book, which he held near to his face, really in expectation of meeting her eyes, watching him covertly; for he believed in his heart that she was only acting. He was a little disappointed in this; nor did he feel altogether comfortable as he noted the attitude of her person. One arm was thrown around the top of the chair, and she seemed clinging to it for support. Her face was bent down so low that he could get only a dim outline of her features. The appearance of her whole person, was that of one just ready to sink upon the floor from extreme weakness. Still he believed this a mere affectation to impose upon his sympathies, and returned his eyes to the page he had been endeavoring to read.

Three or four minutes afterwards, he looked up again. There was not the slightest alteration in her attitude. Mr. Hardy felt a trifle uncomfortable. For several moments he gazed very intently upon her, to see if he could not detect some sign of conscious endurance—some giving way of the statue-like position. But the repose of that slender form was complete—almost death-like.

"Jane," he called, in a low, steady, almost commanding tone.

From all parts of the room his voice seemed to come back upon him in a strangely sounding echo.

"Jane!"

He waited for some moments; but she made no sign of life.

"It is of no avail; you cannot deceive, nor trifle with me, Jane." Mr. Hardy spoke in a slow, emphatic manner. "I am too much in earnest to be turned aside from my purpose by mere trickery."

He paused—looking still intently upon his wife.

"Jane?"

It was of no avail. If the sound penetrated the region of consciousness, Mrs. Hardy did not choose to reply.

Mr. Hardy now arose, and with a firm step went from the sitting-room over to their chamber. Here he remained for nearly ten minutes, momently in expectation of seeing his wife enter, or hearing her footstep. But he waited in vain. Growing, at last, impatient under this suspense, and feeling a pressure of troubled misgivings, he went back noiselessly to the door of the sitting room. There had not occurred the slightest change in the attitude of his wife. She still sat crouching upon the chair, with one arm thrown around and clinging to the back; and her face was still bent so low down towards the floor, that its entire expression was hidden.

The conviction that this was something more than acting, now forced itself upon Mr. Hardy, and he stepped forward in some haste, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. But she did not move.

"Jane!" He spoke more kindly than before.

"Jane!" The pressure of his hand was stronger than at first—strong enough to force the body from its equipoise. It would have fallen, had he not caught after it with a sudden spring, and grasped it firmly ere it struck the floor.

There was not a shadow of doubt, now, in the mind of Mr. Hardy on the question of acting. He needed not the testimony of a skilled physician to convince him that life was at least temporarily suspended in the beautiful form borne lightly in his strong arms to their chamber, and laid carefully upon the bed. His next act was to return to the sitting room and extinguish the lights. Then he came back to their chamber, and shut and fastened the door, so that the knowledge of Mrs. Hardy's condition might be entirely concealed from the domestics.

Loosening her garments, so that the chest might have room for expansion, Mr. Hardy next bathed the face of his wife in cold water; then applied pungent aromatics to her nostrils, and rapid friction to her hands and feet. After diligent effort, continued through fifteen or twenty minutes, some feeble signs of life were apparent. First there were light, quivering spasms of the limbs; then a motion of the lips, accompanied by inarticulate mutterings; and then a low, moaning sound of grief came sadly upon the air. Again Mr. Hardy uttered her name, but his voice did not penetrate to the inner consciousness.

After many efforts to win vitality back in its full power to the ultimates of life, Mr. Hardy had to content himself with its partial restoration, and wait for time to do its more certain work. For hours, even until far past midnight, did he wait and watch by the bed upon which lay the almost sylph-like form of his wife, anxiously looking for better signs. But there came no warm flush into her lueless cheeks; no deeper breathing gave token of returning vigor; the pulses, under the pressure of his often searching fingers, gained no firmer beat.

Did John Hardy repent and reproach himself for his harsh, cruel conduct towards his young wife, as he sat looking, with troubled feelings, hour after hour, in the silence of night, upon her pale, suffering countenance? Did the scales fall from his eyes? Was he able to see the truth, even at a distance? No! no! John Hardy was a man always right with himself. He took time to consider, and his conclusions were generally life-long convictions. He reasoned out his propositions, and the result was a law. After this [illegible] chamber.

Rising and dressing himself quickly, Mr. Hardy, who felt an oppressive sense of evil, went hastily from the chamber to the sitting-room, where, to his relief, he found his wife engaged in restoring things to order. She turned her face upon him as he entered, and gave him a quick glance of almost indifferent recognition.

"Good-morning!" he said.

"Good-morning!"

How like the passionless echo of his own voice did her responsive greeting sound in his ears!

John Hardy was not the man to honor or solicit No—no. He was made of different stuff from ordinary men.

"Game to the last!" This was the coarse, half contemptuous, half angry mental ejaculation of the perfect model of a man, Mr. John Hardy. "Game to the last! Well! be it so! There is one woman in this world who will have to bend or break."

Turning from the apartment, he went back to the chamber to complete his toilet, and did not come out again until the bell rung for breakfast. Descending to the dining-room, he found his wife at the table. Looking at her now more intently, he noticed an expression never before seen on her countenance; and one to which no experience in states of mind yet attained by him, gave any clue to the interpretation. He did not repeat his good-morning, and she made no remark.

Her manner, he noticed, was quiet and very even. There was not the smallest evidence of any smouldering excitement beneath her calm exterior. Her eyes, usually so bright as to constitute a marked feature of her countenance, had partially lost their fire, and the soul did not seem to look out of them upon the world of visible things with any degree of interest. She poured out his coffee, and helped him to one article after another, with movements more like an automaton than a living being. But she tasted no food herself.

"Why don't you eat something, Jane?" asked Mr. Hardy, breaking through the ice of silence and reserve.

"I have no appetite now," she answered, in a voice that betrayed not the smallest sign of feeling.

"Are you not well?"

"I feel very well."

There was not the slightest change in tone or manner. Mr. Hardy gazed steadily into her face, but she did not give back a single glance. Her eyes were not averted, nor her face turned aside. She seemed to be looking at her husband, but it was plain that his form made no distinct image of itself on the retina.

As Mr. Hardy could see no possible connection between anything that he had done, and the existence of a state of mind necessary to produce the external manifested by his wife, he felt wholly justified in the conclusion that only one-half of all her apparent suffering was real, and that this real suffering was but the writhing of pride and disappointed self will. So there was not born in his heart the first motion towards a relenting spirit. He pitied her weakness and her suffering, but his mind was clear as to his own duty in the case. For him to yield was impossible. It were better for them to separate at once.

Mr. Hardy sipped his coffee and tried to eat, but the moveless form of his wife, sitting directly before him, soon had the effect to extinguish all appetite. Several times cutting words formed themselves into sentences on his tongue, and were kept back from utterance only through the prudent restraint of sober second thought. At last he arose from the table, and was leaving the room without a word, when his wife called his name.

"John."

The tone was as free from impulse as the gentlest summer breeze.

Mr. Hardy paused and turned towards his wife.

"Will you be home at dinner time?"

There was neither weakness nor passion in her voice.

"Yes, if you will promise one thing."

"Name it."

Still her tones were surprisingly even.

"To meet your husband with a smiling countenance."

"I am not well skilled in dissembling, John," was the reply to this, calmly and coldly made. "If there is darkness in my heart, there cannot be light on my countenance."

She had risen from her place at the table, and now moved to the side of her husband, and passed with him from the room, walking on with a firm step.

"I give you credit for being an arch dissembler," was Mr. Hardy's unfeeling answer.

"Time will probably correct your error," Mrs. Hardy only said to this.

"You are very calm, very cool, very self-possessed!"

There was a slight sneer in the voice of Mr. Hardy. His wife made no response, and there followed a brief silence. Mr. Hardy took up his hat, and moved onwards.

"John."

There was a power in that passionless tone that instantly arrested his steps. Mr. Hardy turned partly around.

"Will you be home at dinner time?"

"I think not."

"Say you will, or you will not. Uncertainty disturbs the mind, and suspense is painful."

"I will not."

The face of Mr. Hardy flushed to the temples, and his voice had in it a sharp tone of anger. He stood almost glaring at his wife. But she, evincing no emotion, said: "Very well," and receding from him a pace or two, as if pushed back by an invisible hand, turned slowly around, and going with noiseless footsteps up the stairs, vanished, like a spirit, from his sight.

Not long afterwards, Mrs. Hardy rung for the waiter, to whom she said:

"Mr. Hardy is not coming home to dinner. So you can tell the cook not to make preparation. If any one calls and asks for me, say that I am not well, and cannot be seen. You may bring me a cup of tea about twelve or one o'clock."

The waiter left her. After sitting in a dreamy attitude for a considerable time, she went over to her chamber, and locking the door, laid herself down, and, closing her eyes, hid her face in a pillow. As moveless as a sleeper she remained, until disturbed by the knock of the waiter, who came with the tea she had directed him to

bring. She received from him the small tray, on which were tea, toast, and a delicate piece of broiled fowl, through the partly opened door, saying:

"I will ring for you when I wish the tray removed."

In about twenty minutes, the bell was rung, and the tray passed out to the servant. There was scarcely a visible diminution in the quantity of food it had contained.

When Mr. Hardy came home, a little before nightfall, he found his wife sitting in the parlor. She had dressed herself with exquisite taste, and, though pale, and with an expression of sadness on her young face, looked as beautiful in his eyes as she had ever appeared. All day long he had been thinking bitter things against her, and meditating new schemes of torture for breaking down her indomitable will, that seemed to grow stronger under every measure of opposition; and he had returned to the scene of contest with renewed strength. The sight of her changed, wan face and slender form—an image of frailty, not endurance—rebuked his harsh purpose, and softened him towards her. As she rose to meet him, and made a feeble effort to smile, he said, kindly—

"I hope you feel better this evening, dear."

"My head does not ache quite so intensely," she replied.

"Has it ached all day?"

"Yes. It commenced soon after I arose this morning, and the pain has pierced my temples as if an arrow were imbedded therein.

"It does not ache so badly now?" said Mr. Hardy, in a kind, inquiring voice.

"No, the pain is gradually subsiding."

"I am sorry you have been ill all day."

It was on the tip of Mr. Hardy to remark further, that, had he known she was sick, he would not have remained away until evening. But he withheld this little concession, lest she might regard it as indicative of a yielding temper, and find therein a warrant for longer resistance.

Mrs. Hardy did not make any response; and Mr. Hardy was not in a state of mind that encouraged pleasant conversation. Almost of necessity, therefore, reserve, silence, and a cold demeanor supervened.

There was one thing about his wife, that something more than annoyed Mr. Hardy. It troubled him. This was her passionless exterior, the same that he failed to break through in the morning, although he had thrust against it sharply. At the tea-table, he looked into her calm face and absent, dreamy eyes, often and intently seeking to penetrate their mystery; but the riddle remained unread. Strongly as he resisted it, the conviction that a change, beyond the control of her will, had taken place in the character of her feelings, steadily forced itself upon him. She seemed a creature void of emotion; a mere breathing, moving effigy of the lovely being he had a little while before, clasped to his bosom with infinite joy.

Ah, if John Hardy's perceptions had been something clearer—if he had possessed the faculty of thinking out of himself—if he could have comprehended what really existed in the mind of his wife—all might not have been lost. Loving consideration manifested in true loving acts; words and tones with a heart of manly tenderness in them; these would have melted away in time the icy coldness of exterior which nothing else could remove.

But alas for John Hardy and his beautiful, true-hearted, but wronged and suffering wife! The defect in his character was radical. To have been and done this he must have ceased to be John Hardy, whose name he was so fond of repeating with pride and pleasure.

After tea—the meal had been taken in silence—they went to the sitting-room, walking side by side, but not arm in arm, each feeling repelled rather than attracted.

"I have an engagement out this evening," said Mr. Hardy.

"Have you?"

This was all the response made by his wife. She evinced neither surprise nor regret.

"Yes, and I may not be home until late."

Mr. Hardy fully expected that this would touch the right cord. But he was mistaken. His wife remained impassive. There was no warm flush on her cheeks; no lighting up of her calm eyes; no single word of remonstrance or acquiescence. He stood, for a little while, half irresolute, puzzled and disappointed.

"As you are not well you had better not sit up for me. I may be out until twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Hardy looked at him steadily, and without the slightest change of countenance.

"Did you hear what I said?" Mr. Hardy was disturbed, and he showed the weakness.

"Certainly. Why not?" How icy were both tone and manner!

"Good-evening!" The young husband turned away abruptly.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, as he had intimated, when he returned. The last hour, to keep his word, had been spent in a wearisome walk up and down many streets. He did not come in, as might be supposed, in the best possible humor with either himself or his wife. Not a little to his surprise, he found her almost in the very place where he had left her sitting nearly five hours before. She was engaged on a fine piece of needle-work.

"Why, Jane! Is it possible! I supposed you were asleep hours ago." Mr. Hardy spoke fretfully.

"You were mistaken. I have not felt sleepy." She spoke quietly, and looked as passionless as a statue.

"Come," said Mr. Hardy. "It is nearly twelve o'clock."

"I will be over in a little while," was answered.

"Come now."

"I have waited your time, John, and now you will have to wait mine. Retire if you wish to do so!"

There was no quicker movement of the voice—no sign of feeling—no averting of the countenance.

Mr. Hardy turned away quickly and went over to the chamber. It was nearly an hour after before Mrs. Hardy followed. She found her husband asleep; and was careful not to awaken him. Silently she moved about the room, and silently laid herself upon the bed. Wearied nature soon brought to her sad spirit a sweet oblivion, locking up all her senses until the advent of another day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ When we speak of "a suspicious man," we may mean either one who suspects, or one to be suspected. Our language needs either the adjective "suspectful," or the adjective "suspectable."

☞ Mozart declared on his death-bed that he "began to see what may be done in music."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,	- - - - -	$3.00 a year.
Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10.00 "
Thirteen "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15.00 "
Twenty "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.—Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONG STORIES.—A correspondent at *Ypsilanti, Mich.*, does not like long and continued stories. He asks, "Cannot your writers condense, and be full as *interesting*?" *We answer No, they cannot. In the very nature of things, you cannot make a short story as good as a long one, any more than you can have all the advantages of a large town in a small village.* Owing to this, the best writers generally will not write short stories if desired. They consider it a waste of time. Our friend at Ypsilanti may consider that we have nothing else to do than to indicate the length of the stories that we wish, and the authors who are to write them, and *get them*—but if he were an editor a little while, he would find he was mistaken. Authors are a stubborn generation, as well as subscribers and editors.

We may further say, as we have been written to before on this subject, that so far as we are able to judge, by far the larger portion of our readers like the long stories. We suppose that the reason they like them, is simply because they have perceived that a writer can do better when he has sufficient room given him to develope his plot and his characters, than when he is expected to cram everything into a nutshell. Whether this be the reason or not, we believe the fact to be beyond controversy. The small minority therefore who do not like the long stories, must do as minorities have to do generally, submit to the voice of the great majority. One thing perhaps may comfort them—which we give as our decided opinion:—*That if we did not publish any long stories, they would gain nothing by the change, for we should have to reduce the size of our paper more than the difference. It takes those who like stories, and those who do not care a great deal about them, put together, to enable a literary paper of the great size of the Post to be published.* And if either party does not always get exactly what it wants, let it remember that it probably gets more than it would were we to consult one set of tastes exclusively. We wish some of our readers would learn to exercise a little common sense in this matter of newspapers, and not expect all that they want, and nothing which they do not want, for from one to two dollars a year. There is not a reader of the Post, who takes an interest in only one-fourth of its contents, but gets double the worth of his money.

CURIOUS MASSEL.—A correspondent wants the name

THE EX PRESIDENT.—General Pierce is now staying at the La Pierre House, in this city, for the purpose of taking medical advice for Mrs. Pierce, whose health is not good. On his arrival, the Ex President was met at the depot by a large number of personal and political friends, and welcomed to the city by Mayor Vaux.

A TIMELY WORD.

The recent report of the Board of Health relative to the alarming illness which has prevailed among the occupants of the National Hotel at Washington, denies in effect the previous statement that the trouble arose from poisoned rats being found in the water-tanks, and affirms that it is referable to the foul condition of the sewers, and the existence of deleterious miasmas in and around the house. Whether this conclusion is correct, time will show. But poison or no poison, the affair suggests to us an item of advice which we give to our readers, and of the importance of which we are firmly persuaded. It is this:—Never have anything to do with any poison, if possible, under any circumstances. We constantly come upon receipts in our exchanges, advising various preparations of arsenic for the destruction of rats and other vermin, or of strychnine for crows, and other things of the same kind. After the many serious accidents that have occurred, and are always likely to occur, from the use of poison, we think it a great mistake to issue such advice to anybody for any such purpose whatever. Better have the corn-field completely pillaged, or the house overrun with vermin, than risk the destruction of human life, or the loss of some prized or valuable domestic fowl or animal. It is always best to trap or scare away the common pests of our houses and property; and though the usual measures to these ends are no doubt limited, and often inefficient, yet human ingenuity, when once set to work, never fails to accomplish its designs.

The dangers and discomforts that arise from the use of poison for the extirpation of rats, are manifold and serious. We have known rooms in houses to be rendered positively uninhabitable for months, by the stench coming from the bodies of rats, that had been drugged with arsenic and died in their holes. To be driven out of one's domicil in this way, reminds one too vividly of the story of Squire Pettingill shooting at an owl that infested his barn, thereby setting the barn afire with the burning wad from his musket barrel, losing all his property by the conflagration, and consequently remaining too much in doubt to answer affirmatively the sly question, "Well, Squire, did you hit that owl?" Instances have occurred of rats having poisoned food which people ate, by depositing upon it the ratsbane which they brought on their mouths and whiskers from some deadly repast that had been prepared for them.—Being sickened or killed through the instrumentality of the vermin you are seeking to destroy, is certainly a roundabout and costly way of hitting that owl! Other cases are reported of children having found and eaten the poisoned food laid for the rats, and having perished in consequence. Anecdotes of household pets, such as cats or dogs, being done to death in the same way, are not infrequent. Such instances ought to be sufficient to warn the public against the employment of deadly drugs of this kind; but unfortunately, in this, as in the use and abuse of camphene and burning fluid, every one seems to need a separate, special, and severe lesson before the danger is realized and the warning taken. For our own part, we like the public school system of teaching when Death and Disease are the teachers, and prefer that they should not come to our own house to give us private lessons. We do not desire to be our own example of the peril of employing dangerous means to accomplish good ends, and we therefore have nothing to do with *poisons*, being content to extirpate and expatriate the Bedouin bugs, rats, roaches, and reptiles that may make us a subject for their predatory incursions, by methods which will result in great disaster and destruction to them, and no possible harm to ourselves.—We shall continue to print in THE POST from time to time all the various effectual and safe means by which house and farm vermin may be destroyed, and we council such of our readers as may be troubled with these creatures, to try rigorously and relentlessly some one of the receipts we have given, and shall give, until they are delivered from their pests, but never on any consideration to risk the employment of poison.

THE BOSTON MATINEES.

Mr. Thalberg, the pianist, having, in conjunction with Sexton Brown of Grace Church, New York, carried out successfully in that city his sickening scheme of morning concerts, to which none of those vulgar people who have only kind feelings, good hearts, good heads, good manners, education, and worth of character, were admitted, but only those who had a certain social grade and a certain social name, is now attempting to carry out the same style of insult in Boston. He announces three "matinees," the price of admission to which is five dollars. As if this exorbitant sum were not a sufficient security for the exclusiveness of his audience—no person of moderate means of course being able to pay five dollars for an admission card, to three concerts—he appends to his advertisement the following card:—

NOTICE.—Nearly nine-tenths of the tickets for the Matinees in New York, have been subscribed for by ladies belonging to the first families in the city. In view of the responsibility thus devolved upon the management, a correct address has been required from every subscriber—a determination which cannot but insure the utmost respectability of the audience, and must be appreciated by no one more than the subscribers themselves. The same regulation has been adopted for the Boston Matinees.

Could anything be more in the spirit of the lackey than this? Tickets "subscribed for by ladies belonging to the first families in the city!"—who are the first families?—and what constitutes them the first? "A determination which cannot but insure the utmost respectability of the audience!"—as if any decent persons who pay their money at the door, and behave themselves with propriety, are not of the utmost respectability!

Very well. Let Mr. Thalberg perform to his carefully culled audiences of the "utmost respectability." But for us, the people of this country, who are waived off from those select "matinees," there still remain artists who will not wall themselves out of our sympathies with walls of priggery and pride. Alboni sang for us, and Jenny Lind was not above us. They did not remove and sequester themselves in five dollar admission fees, made more inaccessible by a snobbish ban against all persons not of that "utmost respectability" which is the pity and the laughter of all men and women with brains. We have had pianists, too, before Mr. Thalberg, who did not think us too vulgar to be permitted to listen to their music. Haply, when Liszt and Chopin come to our shores, they will play for us, and not only for the Potiphars.

What success this snobbery has met with in Boston we do not know. In Philadelphia, as we have before said, it fortunately failed. We notice, however, that one of the Boston papers, the *Telegraph*, administers with manly directness and vigor, a curt and sharp rebuke to the insolence of the above card, informing Mr. Thalberg, in so many words, that all the persons who frequent concerts in Boston are persons of the "utmost respectability," and that his pains are thrown away. To this "good and seasonable word" we have only to add at present our fervent aspiration for the complete failure of the "matinees" in Boston, and our hope that Mr. Thalberg will be sent home with a very considerable flea in his ear.

SNUFF AND SNUFF BOXES.

How long it was after the introduction of tobacco into Europe by Nicot, in 1560, before the powdered leaf came into use, as a purgent perfume, cannot be definitely ascertained. It is certain, however, that at the beginning of the reign of James I., of England, (A. D. 1603) the "taker of tobacco," against whom that monarch fulminated so much wordy thunder, was ordinarily furnished with an apparatus greatly resembling the modern Scotch mull, containing not only the implements for filling and lighting the pipe, but also a sort of pestle for pulverizing the leaf into snuff, and a small ladle or spatula for applying it to the nostril.

It should be observed, however, that the word snuff is of earlier origin than the article now known under that name. It is said by philologists to be an inflection of the old verb *sniff*, and it existed as a term expressive of strong inhalation through the nostrils, or of angry impatience which manifested itself in that way, from a very early period. An instance of this use of the word may be found in Shakspeare's Henry IV., (Part 1, act 1, scene 3,) Hotspur speaking of a foppish courtier, says:

"He was perfumed like a milliner;
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there
Took it in snuff."

The *pouncet-box* seems to have been the predecessor of the snuff box, though its use was somewhat different. It was a small box, containing perfumes either moist or dry, and having a perforated cover of open work, through which the bearer inhaled the perfume as a protection against contagion or poison.

The introduction of snuff and the apparatus for its use, banished the pouncet-box from the male toilet, and substituted, it must be confessed, an article far more objectionable in its place.

Dekker in his *Gull's Horn book* published in 1609, thus describes the use of tobacco in his time: "Before the meat come smoking to the board, one gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, *the ladie for the cold snuff into the nostrils*, the tongs and pinning iron, all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it."

In 1646, the habit of snuff taking had become very common throughout Europe even among the lower classes. Howell, in his Letters published in that year, says, "The Spaniards and Irish take tobacco most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain; and I believe there is as much taken this way in Ireland as there is in pipes in England. One shall commonly see the sewing maid upon the washing-block, and the swain upon the ploughshare, when they are tired with labor, take out their boxes of smutchin, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill; and it will beget new spirits in them, with a fresh vigor to fall to their work again."

The word "*smutchin*" in the above extract should have been, properly, "*sneeshin*," a Scotch word for snuff, as causing sneezing. The Scotch name for snuff-box is *sneeshin-mill*, or as usually pronounced *mull*. Dr. Jameson, in his "*Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*," thus explains the origin of the name. "When tobacco was first introduced into Scotland those who wished to use it in the form of snuff, were accustomed to toast the tobacco-leaves by the fire, and then bruise them with a piece of wood in the box which was hence called a *mill*, since the snuff was ground in it." The usual form of the snuff-boxes in use at that time was conical, the opening being at the base of the cone, and the tobacco was pulverized by means of a piece of wood, also of conical shape, which was thrust in and turned about till the whole was ground to powder.

The ram's horn often formed the primitive snuff box, or sneeshin-horn, as it was frequently called.

This *sneeshin-horn* with the hare's foot and spoon attached to it by a small chain, was regarded in the last century, as characteristic of a Scotchman as an umbrella is, at the present day, of an Englishman. In England, the more common form of snuff-box, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was a cruet, with a screw-stopper, and a small ladle or spoon attached to it.

In the early part of the last century, amid the reckless extravagance of the period, snuff-boxes, like other articles of ornament and luxury, were made of the most choice and costly materials. The rivalry among the leaders of fashion, both in France and England, in the cost and decoration of their snuff-boxes, was intense.

This is very happily hit off in the Tattler of March 7, 1710, written by Steele. After noticing several gold snuff-boxes "which came out last term," and stating that a new edition would be put out on Saturday next, which would be the only one in fashion till after Easter, the writer goes on: "The gentleman who gave fifty pounds for the box set with diamonds, may show it till Sunday, provided he goes to church, but not after that time; there being one to be published on Monday which will cost fourscore guineas."

It was at this period also that *amber* snuff-boxes came into use, and these, too, were very costly. At the present day, although snuff-boxes made of the precious metals, and set with jewels, are by no means rare, yet the carrying them for display would not be likely to give the impression of great wealth or good sense on the part of their owner; the greater part of those in use are of far cheaper materials, and are sold at a very moderate price. France and Germany furnish for use and export large quantities made of papier mache; these are often inlaid and decorated with pearl, and sometimes with more costly materials. In Paris, great numbers are also made, either wholly or in part, of tortoise shell, and of some of the precious woods, adorned with lithographic transfers.

One of the most famous styles of snuff-boxes is the *Scotch*, made almost exclusively at Laurencekirk, Mauchline, and Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire.

In these manufactories, nearly three hundred persons are employed. This snuff-box is made of the wood of the Sycamore or plane tree. Its great excellence consists in the perfection of the hinge and the close fit of the cover. This is attained by a minute subdivision of labor, and great care in the making of the hinge.

The patterns are very much varied; one class, the tartan, was formerly made by ruling the design, after the surface had been properly prepared by polishing and varnishing, upon the box itself. Of late, however, the plan has been adopted of ruling or printing the design upon paper, which is then attached to the box and varnished over. Another style called the *Scoto-Russian*, is made by covering the surface of the box with stout tin-foil, and then coating it with paint and varnish. It is then by means of an engraver's ruling machine, chased in delicate and intricate patterns, which cutting through the paint lay bare the foil, leaving it very bright, and resembling inlaid silver. This is then varnished and thus protected from oxidization.

The manufacture of these snuff-boxes is one of the most remarkable instances of the increase of value imparted to substances by labor. It is said by the manufacturers that six dollars' worth of wood will suffice for the manufacture of $15,000 worth of snuff-boxes.

The snuff-box, like the walking-stick, offers a very desirable mode of preserving mementos of places or objects associated with historical or personal recollections; thus, the willow at St. Helena, under which the remains of Napoleon reposed before they were transferred to France; the timbers of the frigate Constitution; the dwellings of some of England's most renowned writers; and in our own country, the home of Henry Clay, and the wood of the Charter Oak, have been all manufactured into snuff-boxes and other trinkets.

Of the material which fills these boxes we have a few words to say. Snuff is now made mostly of the stems of the better qualities, and the broken or imperfect leaves of the poorer kinds of tobacco. Three kinds are usually sold; Rappee or Black Snuff, Scotch or Yellow Snuff, and Thirds. The first is mild, the second is fine but quite pungent, the third is the coarser powder left after bolting the fine Scotch snuff. Snuff is frequently perfumed, sometimes by the addition of some volatile essence, but oftener by keeping in the box a Spanish or vanilla bean.

The habit of snuff taking, though quite prevalent, is very objectionable both on the grounds of cleanliness and health. "If," said the eccentric Wilkes, "the Almighty had intended my nose for a dust hole, I am very certain he would have turned it the other end up." There may be instances in which the medicinal use of snuff may be beneficial; but we never see a gentleman with his upper lip besmeared with snuff, and often a line like a powder train, extending down his waistcoat to his pocket, without feeling that men are often slaves to very filthy habits.

A GOOD IDEA.

The manifold deficiencies of office holders in England, have led to the appointment of a Board of Commissioners to examine applicants, and test their fitness, as in the case of public school teachers. According to the second report of the Commissioners, recently published, of 2,700 candidates, only 1 587 obtained certificates of qualification. Of the 880 that were rejected, nearly one-half received their doom for bad spelling; 147 for bad arithmetic; 243 for bad spelling and bad arithmetic.

We think the idea should be applied to this country at once. We judge that the number of seekers for office would diminish greatly, if a rigorous examination had to be endured as a preparatory step. The spelling test alone would frighten about half of the applicants—and if it were further required to cipher out a sum in the Rule of Three, or write a page of grammatical English, it would dispose of half of the balance. By all means, let us have such a Board of Examiners—if for nothing else than to save the lives of our Presidents.

LAUNCHING—INARCHING.

Mr. J. P., of Circleville, Ohio, says:—

"I have seen errors made in stating the method of getting the great steamer off the stocks. It will not be launching. The method used with the President and British Queen was letting the water in, and by a steamer towing her out. To use a nautical phrase, if they attempt to launch a long vessel, it is not unlikely she will 'break her back.' The tide in the Thames rises at springs (new and full moon) about 22 feet at that place.

"In your last Post, you have an article on Inarching. The Zouaves were not quite original; as in the reign of Charles II. the Royal Society of England put a rooster's spur on the comb. Again, look at the method of making a new nose, called the Tallicotan operation—cutting a triangular piece on the forehead, and bringing it down."

GRACE GREENWOOD.—A ridiculous story has appeared in some of the papers, to the effect that Grace Greenwood had a benefit at a theatre in Louisiana, at which she cowhided W. E. Anderson, one of the company, and drew a knife on him, &c. In answer to this, Grace says in a card in the N. Y. Tribune:—

"I would not so insult the confidence of my *friends* as to deem it necessary gravely to deny to them a charge so absurd as this; but to those who do not know me, I will simply say that some belligerent heroine of the stage has been 'filching from me my good name,' and disgracing it.

"I never was in Alexandria, La., I never trod the boards, I never had hopes of enjoying a theatrical benefit—so never could have had such fair hopes blighted. I do not understand the use of cowhides and bowie-knives, and to the best of my knowledge have no cause of difference with Mr. W. E. Anderson."

THE LADIES JOURNAL and Illustrated Miscellany, is the title of a new monthly magazine of literature, music, fashion and art, published by *Scattergood & Co.*, Philadelphia. The April number has a large colored fashion plate, other fashion plates and engravings, four pieces of music and a variety of literary and miscellaneous matter. *See advertisement.*

MEETING OF WOMEN.—The annual meeting of the *Rescue Association* for the *reformation, employment and instruction of Females who have led immoral lives*, will be held at Sansom Street Hall, on the afternoon of Thursday, April 2nd, at 3½ o'clock.

☞ A noble Roman being asked why he had put away his wife, she being beautiful and rich, held out his foot and showed his buskin. "Is not this," said he, "a handsome and complete shoe?—yet no man but myself knows where it pinches me."

New Publications.

LIFE OF TAI-PING-WANG, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection. By J. MILTON MACKIE. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

This account of the character and career of the Chinese revolutionist who is making so much noise in China, and whose doings are bruited about the globe, is certainly very entertaining. Unhappily, the quality that makes it amusing, weakens, probably unjustly, its credibility as a narrative. It is written in a light and pictorial style, and it is this that tends to throw doubt upon it as an accurate history. But the author avers that the facts are drawn from reliable sources—the accounts of resident missionaries, official correspondence, translations of insurgent documents, and the like, and there is really no good reason to discredit his testimony. The book, besides delineating the life, character, and operations of a leader who seems to be one of those persons that rain principles in blood, and bring in better systems with throes of war and individual loss, gives a curious and colored view of the condition of a nation that has carried conservatism to its utmost extent, and stood still for hundreds of years, "like Joshua's moon at Ajalon."

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Here we have one of Dickens' finest works, uniform with Mr. Peterson's cheap and good edition of which we have spoken before. Bleak House may be considered an effective blow at "the law's delay," as Little Dorrit is at "the insolence of office." Some of characters will be personifications of constant facts in history and life, till the Good Time Coming comes. Among these may be mentioned Skimpole, Chadband, Mrs. Jellyby, Turveydrop, and Sir Leicester Dedlock. The death of Jo is unsurpassed in tragic pathos, by anything Dickens has written. Bucket, Sergeant George, the Bagnet family, Guppy, Boythorn, the Brickmaker, and Krook, are all in his best style of picturesque and powerful characterization. The scenes at Chesney Wold, and Tom-all-Alone's, have that wonderful poetry which he alone, of all English prose writers, possesses in such high degree.

GREECE AND THE GREEKS OF THE PRESENT DAY. By EDMOND ABOUT. Dix, Edwards & Co, N. Y. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philada.

A translation from the French. It is a daguerreotype in the minuteness and sharp precision of its details, and a picture in the brilliancy of its coloring. The author lived at Athens for a long time, travelled extensively and familiarly through the provinces, and evidently kept his eyes and ears wide open always. His work shows close and keen observation, and great practical knowledge of the country and its inhabitants. The Greeks are shown up in any but a favorable light, although, so far as we know, and can judge, strict justice is done them. The work at the time of its appearance, created considerable excitement at Athens, and rankled in the Greek mind to that extent, that various exasperated Philhellenes undertook to demolish it, but, as it seems, ineffectually.

THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORY, From the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A. D. 986, to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A. D., 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. C. Scribner & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

We could hardly praise too highly this interesting and admirable work. The author has a clear apprehension of the philosophy of New England history, and writes with sagacity, sense, spirit and eloquence. He is a fine antiquarian, and dapples with all manner of incidents and anecdotes, the course of his narrative. No phase of the historic life of New England seems to have been neglected by him. The pleasure of the romance is in his pages. It is a valuable talent that enables one to write history so that it can be read with amusement, and Mr. Elliott has it.

"LITTLE MERCY," by a Pupil of the Institution for the Blind, is the title of a little book of sixteen pages, published by H. Hooker. It is written especially for children. "Little Mercy," the subject of the memoir, was blind, and died young. She revealed in her brief life so much brightness and goodness as to attract the admiration of those around her, and especially of the authoress of this little work, who thought that a memorial of her would be an appropriate tribute, and do some good to others.

☞ At one of the customary school examinations, an urchin was asked, "What is the chief use of bread?" To which he replied, with an archness that implied what a simpleton you must be to ask such a question, "to spread butter upon."

☞ "There are three things to be desired in this world," say the Chinese: "Male progeny, official employment, and long life."

☞ That man is not truly brave who is afraid to seem, when it suits him, a coward.

BEAUTY.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.
—*Sir A. Hunt.*

☞ THE TOOTHACHE DESIRABLE.—If a man's worth depends on his "acres," a person with eight decayed teeth should be considered a man of property.

"THE blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."
—*Aurora Leigh.*

☞ Whatever *that* be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be *eternal*.—*Cicero.*

☞ There are very *few* original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those called philosophers, have adopted the opinions of some who have gone before them.—*Stewart.*

WEEP, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes;
And think life's green well worth its rose.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

☞ If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.

☞ INSTINCT OF THE HORSE.—A letter recently received by a gentleman in Derby, from a relation in Australia, says: "My dog Keeper (a Scotch deerhound) died from want of water—it was a dreadful day—I had ridden a horseback a journey of 70 miles over the plains. My horse and I were nearly worn out, when suddenly he pricked his ears, neighed, and became so restive I could hardly manage him, gave him his head, when he sprang into a water, and in about a mile I had the welcome sight of water."—*Derby Mercury.*

Paris Letter.

PARIS LOOKING UP—THE REIGNING FOLLY—AN IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT—A MAN OF MONEY—A SPLENDID TROUSSEAU—THE TWO ENDS OF THE LADDER.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

PARIS, March 5, 1857.

The excitement touching the expected comet is far from diminishing; and the extraordinary brilliance displayed just now by the planet Venus tending still farther to draw the eyes of the Parisians heavenwards, an unusual amount of upward staring is going on here at this present writing. Every eighth year, this beautiful planet occupies a position with regard to the sun, which causes her to assume a degree of brilliance that renders her visible in broad daylight. All the great telescopes which perambulating showmen are in the habit of establishing in the Champs Elysees, the Place de la Concorde, the squares, and the quays, and through which an eager public obtains glimpses of the moon, Jupiter's belts, and other celestial phenomena, at the rate of two sous per peep, are now doing a stirring business such as has not fallen to their lot for many a long day. At present Venus presents a well-defined crescent, like that of the moon in her first quarter; in May the planet will be under the sun, and in June she will again show a crescent, and attain her maximum degree of brilliance.

My last epistle chronicled the important fact that the last three days of the defunct Carnival witnessed a most unusual number of masked balls. All manner of historical personages, from Pharaoh downwards; all nations, from the pearl laden Persian to the Creole, and the negress; every social rank, from the sovereign to the fortune teller, have been figuring in these brilliant entertainments, one or two of the most favored of which the Emperor and Empress, in dominoes, have not disdained to honor with their imperial presence. At one of the most magnificent of these gay assemblages, the merriment of the guests was suddenly excited to an unusual degree by the irruption at a very late hour, of a band of traditional *Pierrots* from the faubourg St. Germain, to each of whose pointed hats was suspended, by a string, one of the new-fangled rose-colored, balloon-balls which have been frequently alluded to in these letters as the favorite new toy of the season. These balls, about a foot in diameter, filled with hydrogen gas, and consequently given to bounding upwards when not actually held down by main force, were constantly bobbing about among the crowd in a most ludicrous manner, and gave ample employment to benevolent bystanders, anxious to keep them from coming into contact with the innumerable lustres, where they would have exploded without fail.

At another of these balls, much merriment was excited by the appearance of a young gentleman of about twenty years of age, slender, fair, and guiltless of beard, who had attired himself in the extreme of the prevailing feminine fashions. On his head, or rather at a considerable distance behind it, he wore a tiny pink satin bonnet, stuck on the end of Lamoose steel pins, about half a yard long, fastened firmly into the "back hair" put on for the occasion; his dress was, of course, enormously wide when he entered the ball-rooms. Making his way to the centre of the largest saloon, he proceeded, by means of some ingenious hidden mechanism, to develope the ample folds of his skirts, until his gown literally assumed the dimensions of a balloon, filling the ball-room entirely, from wall to wall, and driving all the company into the corners, or forcing them out into the adjoining rooms.

This mirthful rebuke of a preposterous fashion, which is growing more and more preposterous every day, was really scarcely an exaggeration of the toilettes now in vogue. A few nights since, a lady, very handsomely dressed, and apparently a person of rank and intelligence, after trying in vain, for several minutes, to force her way into her box at the Opera Comique, was literally compelled to give up the attempt; and taking the arm of her attendant cavalier, (who looked the very picture of annoyance and confusion,) made the best of her way out of the building, amidst the laughter of the whole audience!

The gay world of this luxurious capital was never gayer or more luxurious than at the present time. The court sets the example of lavish outlay, in order to give an impulse to the various branches of trade that thrive upon fashionable expenditure, and so large a number of hands among the working population of Paris. Glitter and expense are, in fact, the order of the day; and that to such an extent, that the Parisians themselves are astonished at the sums thus lavished, and are puzzled to think where all the money can come from. It is not doubtful, however, that speculation at the Bourse has supplied a large portion of this extra outlay.—One of the rich bankers here, M. Millaud, a Jew, has just given a banquet to a number of the literary men of Paris, of the most fabulous magnificence. His house, in the Place St. Georges, is well known here, from the fact that its owner has had its outside painted white, and gilded in the richest manner. As to the interior, and the furniture, it is all gold and gilding from garret to cellar. On the occasion of this astounding feast, young Millaud, the only son and heir of the rich banker, was one mass of gold and jewels, his glittering exterior having given rise to an unmerciful amount of quizzing ever since.

The approaching return of the Count de Morny to Paris with his bride, step daughter of a Prince through the morganatic marriage of the mother, will be the occasion of grand doings in the official and fashionable circles. The *trousseau* was recently forwarded from this place for the young lady, who is said to be such a miracle of beauty and accomplishment that the gay world is on tiptoe to catch the first sight of her.

Another incident which is causing some stir among the highflyers here, is the marriage of the only son and heir of Baron James de Rothschild of Paris, with his cousin, only daughter and heiress of Baron Lionel de Rothschild of London, to which city all the Rothschilds of this place have proceeded *en masse*, to be present at the ceremony. For this happy young lady (if riches and the things they buy can secure happiness!) has been prepared a *trousseau* so rich and extensive, as to throw everything else of the kind into the shade. The *trousseau* prepared last year for the sister of the King of Spain was nothing to it. All these fine things have been exhibited, first, at the rooms of the furnishers, and for the last few days at the Hotel de Rothschild. Among the marvels, far "too numerous to mention," of this princely wardrobe, were about three hundred and fifty yards of the most magnificent laces, thirty dresses of the richest imaginable materials, displayed in a gallery apart, and shown off each on its own wire frame, six Indian cachmeres, and six French ones of the costliest quality. The furs were as extravagantly rich as everything else; and as to the jewels, who shall describe them? They were to be measured by the bushel, for really there was no counting them; but among the most remarkable of them may be mentioned a magnificent diamond necklace, each diamond in the "river of light" being as large as a good sized Spanish nut. All these pretty things are to enhance the good looks of one who is gifted by nature with very uncommon beauty. Her mother, also a Rothschild, daughter of the brother established at Naples, is a very beautiful woman, in the Italian style, and her daughter has inherited her beauty.

The Rothschilds, in order to keep their fortunes together, have adopted the plan, so severely blamed by physiologists, of marrying only among themselves. The physical degeneracy which, it is asserted, follows this system of intermarrying, would seem to have begun to show itself in the case of these great money-nabobs; for, although one or two of the ladies of this family are renowned for their beauty, others of them are ugly to a degree which makes them fearful to look at.

Amidst the sort of frenzy for personal adornment which has seized upon the European mind, the taste for splendor in equipage and dwellings has made a proportionate stride.—Never, at any period, has Paris boasted such beautiful horses, or so many carriages, as within the last two years; and *le Grand Monarch*, could he open his haughty eyes, would probably be more offended than gratified at seeing the streets filled with equipages that so far surpass anything in which he ever had the satisfaction of riding. And as to the decorations and furniture of the palace-like houses of the millionaires of this day, he would be compelled to acknowledge that even the Versailles and the Trianons of his epoch are thrown by them completely into the shade.

Of these splendid private dwellings, the most magnificent is the hotel of the Baroness de Pontalba, whose front looks on the Rue de Faubourg St. Honore, and whose gardens extend to the Champs Elysees. This hotel, or rather *palace*, was built by the celebrated architect, Visconti; and its internal decoration, which the wealthy widow has recently caused to be entirely renewed, is in a style whose magnificence may be inferred from the fact that no less than one hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth of pure gold has been lavished on the ornamentation of the walls and woodwork of the principal apartments. The furniture of this princely dwelling is in a style proportionate to this splendor of decoration, and comprises a vast number of historical objects of great beauty and interest, among which may be mentioned the entire furniture of one of the saloons, in Chinese lacquer-work, which Louis XIV. caused to be brought from Pekin, as a present to his favorite son, the Duke du Maine. Madame de Pontalba, who delights in her hotel above everything else in the world, has spent fifteen years, and not far short of two millions of dollars, in improving and ornamenting it to her mind.

It is evident that our material surroundings, the style of our dress, habitation, mode of living, &c., exercise a most potent influence upon ourselves and our lives; that the presence of refined and beautiful objects exercise a refining and beautifying action upon us, while their opposites do as really tend to debase and degrade, so that the world is beginning to see the comparative uselessness of trying to cultivate intelligence and virtue in human beings condemned to the hardening and depraving influences of cellars and hovels. But the extreme of luxurious ornament and personal indulgence which is becoming more and more the aim of those who can afford to realize it for themselves, cannot clearly be for the highest good of any one. When the elements of beauty, comfort, elegance and refinement shall be generally disseminated, in "the better time coming," there will be no danger of their enervating, or rendering selfish; but the feverish pursuit of riches, and their lavish outlay for merely personal and selfish enjoyment and vanity, so rife at this time, can hardly be regarded as noble or humane.

QUANTUM.

THE YOUNGEST.

I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old,—
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them.

☞ A new umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut, called the "lending umbrella." It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, intended exclusively to accommodate a friend.

☞ CATCHING A TARTAR.—In one of the recent engagements at the Cape, the wagon with the medical supplies was captured by the Kaffirs. They rifled it of its contents, and actually ate, as is positively affirmed, a considerable quantity of blister salve.

☞ Lord Bacon once wrote, "You may observe that, among all the great and worthy persons, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

☞ Dr. Beattie says of the bashful and timid, "If they are attentive and respectful to their company, bashfulness will not injure them in the opinion of the discerning; it will rather raise their prepossessions in their favor."

☞ Some one twitted John Randolph on the lack of early education. "The gentleman himself," retorted Randolph, "reminds me of the head waters of the Montgomery, which are poor by nature, and cultivation entirely ruined them."

☞ A tippler, who squinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree. "It's very lucky for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been *matches* your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

☞ Rock, the actor, once wrote a subscription paper for a poor scene-shifter, who had met with an accident. A few days after he asked to look at it, wishing to know how much charity had been bestowed upon him. Running it over, he handed it back to the scene-shifter, who asked with some surprise, "Are you not going to give me anything, Mr. Rock?" "My dear fellow," returned the actor, "*didn't I give you the hint!*"

☞ Once, at Holland House, the conversation turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

ORIENTAL USAGES, MARRIAGES, HAREMS, EXECUTION OF AN EASTERN NOBLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAVENPORT STORIES," AND OTHER TALES.

Travellers have frequently remarked on the striking contrast existing between the customs of the East, and those of occidental nations. To so wide an extent do the two differ, that by following a course directly opposed to the prevailing European customs, one may usually attain the most approved style of Oriental etiquette. A few examples will best illustrate this proposition, and bring the contrast between *their* habits of life and modes of thinking and *our own*, more palpably to view than any elaborate essay could do. We therefore proceed at once to note some of the most striking points of difference.

Among Western nations the inferior always stands in the presence of his superior; but in the East, while the nabob may stand, sit, or lounge at will, the servant or follower must sit or crouch before his master. So also the pupil before his teacher, the common man before the prince, and the laity before the clergy. The origin of this is the belief, common to all Orientals, that the head is the most sacred portion of the body, and that consequently it is degrading to one of high position to permit the head of an inferior to rise above his own.

With us the post of honor is always at the *right* hand; but if an Eastern monarch wishes to show special deference toward a guest or friend, he places him invariably at the *left*.—The reason assigned for this is, that it is easier to pay any little attention, or hand a book, fan, or flower to one sitting on the left, than to one on the *right*, and that consequently they are best served by being seated on the left.

Among occidental nations, a gentleman on entering a church, or the company of those toward whom he would evince special respect, removes his *hat*; but the Oriental retains his hat or turban, and removes his *shoes* or sandals.

When in the large cities of European countries the same house is occupied by several families, the *first* floor is usually considered preferable, and brings the highest rent; but it is otherwise in Asia. There the person highest in rank, must always occupy the *highest* rooms, *so that no inferior may be able to walk over his head.*

When a marriage takes place among us, the courtship comes first and the wedding afterwards; but as an Oriental never sees his bride till after the nuptial ceremonies have been solemnized, the "falling in love" must come after the knot is tied, if at all. Among Western nations the bridegroom woos the bride at *her own home*, and there the marriage takes place; but in the East, the bride is carried in procession (often with great pomp and ceremony) to the house of the groom, and the wedding takes place *under his roof*, and wholly at his expense.

In all our social entertainments, much of the pleasure of society depends on the agreeable interchange of civilities between the opposite sexes; but oriental parties must be composed of either ladies or gentlemen exclusively—*never both together.*

With us black is the garb of mourning, and white the appropriate dress of a bride; but in most countries of the East, white is the color used for mourning, and red is generally selected by ladies for their bridal attire.

Custom in the West prescribes *black* as the dress of the clergy, as indicative of gravity, and that deadness to the world their sacred character and profession are supposed to foster. The same capricious tyrant robes the Eastern priesthood in *bright yellow*, as the gayest and most attractive color, on the principle that the clergy being the most sacred order of human beings, are justly entitled to the best of everything—colors among the rest.

We *bury* our dead *out of our sight*; but most Orientals *burn* the bodies of their deceased friends, and preserve the ashes, keeping them in a costly urn *always near them*, and removing them from place to place whenever they change their abode.

In our own, and in European countries, fashionables make their calls of ceremony between noon and the usual hour of dining; while the hours prescribed by Eastern etiquette are from ten, P. M., till two or three in the morning.

The Western dandy wears his hair long, and shaves (*partially* at least) the face. The Oriental exquisite shaves his head, and wears a beard reaching often below the waist.

Among European nations, long and luxuriant hair is considered one of the highest adornments of female beauty, and the finer and softer its texture, the more beautiful. But many Eastern ladies cut off the long, glossy, raven hair with which nature so richly adorns them, leaving only a little tuft of three or four inches in diameter, just over that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organs of benevolence and veneration. This is left three or four inches long, and stiffened by the application of a mixture of beeswax and cocoanut oil, till it stands perfectly erect, and readily separates itself into very small tufts, not unlike, in length, form, and stiffness, the quills of the porcupine!

With us, very long finger-nails are considered ungenteel; but in Eastern countries, the longer the more fashionable. They are often worn to the enormous length of six or eight inches, and so highly valued by the highest classes, that in private, little conical silver caps are worn to protect the nails from any casual injury—but are always removed when the lady or gentleman appears in full dress, that the beauty of the long, curving nails may be fully appreciated. The origin of this strangely inconvenient practice is doubtless the Eastern idea that all work is a disgrace; and as no kind of manual labor can possibly be performed with such nails, the wearing of them proves indubitably that the fortunate owner is able to live without work, and is of course a person of wealth. The writer has known many instances where lucrative situations were given up by persons having no other means of support, rather than submit to *the shameful disgrace of cutting the nails!* A copyist was at one time threatened with dismissal by the lady who employed him, on the ground of the incapacity which was *wholly* caused by these long nails. He threw himself prostrate before her, kissed the soles of her shoes, and literally watered her feet with his tears, praying her not to deprive him of the employ which was his *only* means of support for himself, wife, and infant child, but at the same time he warmly protested that he could not cut his nails, even if starvation should be the result, as then his friends would inevitably know that he was obliged to *work for a living.* He was dismissed, and six months later, his former employer met him in the Bazaar, meagre and squalid, actually begging his bread, but *with nails still uncut.*

With us white teeth and a fair complexion are deemed requisites of female beauty; but an Eastern belle paints her teeth black, and stains her face, neck and arms with a decoction of turmeric root, thus reducing the complexion to a bright, clear yellow.

Our ladies compress the *waist*; the Chinese in this respect more rational, compress only the *feet.* The former, by obstructing the functions of the vital organs, destroys or greatly diminishes human *life*—the latter only retards *locomotion.* The origin of this revolting custom, so painful to the subject herself, so absolutely disgusting to every humane observer, may doubtless be found in the unwillingness of the Chinese to have their females leave the Empire. In a country where polygamy is universally practiced among the rich, and where a man's rank is largely determined by the number of his wives, there are, of course, no women to spare; and with pressed feet that scarcely permit her to hobble across the floor, she is not likely to run very far. Chinese women of rank are of very necessity "keepers at home." The aristocracy being the only class specially interested in this matter, they have monopolized the system of compressing the feet, and it has thus become part of the necessary insignia of rank, a lady whose feet were not compressed in infancy, being thereby *forever excluded from the charmed circle of "upper tendom."*

These examples on general topics will be deemed sufficient; and from them we turn now to note more particularly some of the Eastern ideas of marriage, and their customs concerning its celebration.

In Eastern lands a gentleman desiring to wed a lady, would not, as among us, first make suit to herself, and only after her approval had been gained, lay the subject before her parents or guardians; but would proceed at once to arrange the matter quite in a business way without consulting her wishes on the subject at all, for among Orientals the lady sought has nothing to do with the arrangements for disposing of her person and happiness. If the parents or guardians consider the proposed match an eligible one, they at once accept the suitor, arrange the terms, and then inform the bride elect of her destiny. If the contrary, they reject it, without thinking it necessary to name the subject to the lady, or inquire her choice in the matter.

Among the lowest class, the marriage rite is solemnized by no form or ceremony at all, in any part of the East. There is the simple contract with the parents, the payment of the price demanded for their daughter, and then the bride is taken to her husband's house, and is thenceforth his wife. He may add others from time to time, if he so please, and be able to maintain them, without the first being at all aggrieved thereby—he can sell her to pay his debts whenever occasion arises—and he can put her away privately whenever it suits his inclination to do so, the wife having no means whatever of redress.

Among the middle class, in addition to the payment of the purchase money, there are presents from the groom to the parents of the bride, a priest is called in who delivers a charge to the bridegroom, a feast (more or less sumptuous according to the wealth and position of the parties) is provided, and the bride elect is conveyed in procession with songs and rejoicings to the house of her lord, and with much parade and ceremony installed as his wife. Divorce among this class is difficult and expensive, and consequently rarely indulged in. The usual resource, if the wife prove refractory or unpleasing, or the husband changeful in his fancies, is to go on adding new wives to the household as often as inclination leads or the gentleman's means will allow. If the condition of the wife prove unpleasant, she has nothing to do but to bear it, and she generally does so in silence, that is so far as *the world* knows. What passes in *private* between the parties themselves, of course remains a problem.

Among the wealthy nobles, the marriage rite is solemnized with still more pomp and display. These, as a general rule, marry among each other's families, forming thus a clique entirely distinct from the common people, and retaining the aristocratic blood that flows in their veins, pure and uncontaminated by any ignoble mixture. There are occasional exceptions to this rule, when some sensual old noble becomes enamored at first sight, with a pretty girl whom he chances to meet in the Bazaars or on some public thoroughfare, and despite her poverty and obscure birth, elevates her to his Harem—or others, where a miserly father, anxious to make the most of his pretty daughter, carries her to some man of rank, and offers to barter her for gold, and passion gaining the ascendency in the mind of the noble, he perhaps gives for her, if she is young and lovely, an exorbitant price. But these instances are rare, and form the *exceptions*, not the general rule. This matter of etiquette in regard to marriages, combined with the practice of polygamy, so universal in the East, sometimes places a nobleman in rather an awkward predicament, and gives him a somewhat larger family than he would voluntarily encumber himself with. I recollect one elderly prince, a connection of the king then on the throne, who invited me one day to visit his Harem in company with himself—an invitation I most gladly accepted. After being introduced to some scores of his wives, he requested me to call also on some of his sisters, whose apartments he said were within the same enclosure. I inquired how many of those resided with him, and learned to my astonishment that no less than *forty-one* maiden sisters dwelt beneath the same roof with their only brother, and depended on him for support. Finding most of them considerably advanced in years, I inquired how it came to pass that they had never married. He haughtily answered, that being near relations of the royal family, their rank was consequently too high to permit their acceptance of any suit less exalted in position than his serene majesty himself, and he never having called them to his Harem, they were of necessity consigned to the enjoyment of the sweets of "single blessedness."

"His Serene Majesty" was, as I happen to remember, a most passionate admirer of female beauty, and not very likely to become enamored of the faded charms of these ancient maidens, many of whom were nearly as old as himself, and all exceedingly plain. Yet they might have made good, affectionate wives to some plain men of middle rank, had not the tyrant custom laid his cruel embargo on their youth, and bound them down to a life-long celibacy, because, forsooth, they happened to be born third or fourth cousins of a king!

These ladies were, of course, in most instances, only half-sisters to each other and to the brother with whom they resided; the children of *one common father*, but of *different mothers.* The most youthful were verging on forty, while over the frosted locks of the more advanced, threescore years had told already their changeful tale, yet none of them had ever been outside the grounds of the palace where they were born, not even in a single instance. Beyond these walls, this bright, beautiful world, with its thousand charms, its hopes and aims, its holy duties and sacred joys and hallowed restraints, was to them but a blank—an unfathomed sea—a wilderness, unexplored even in imagination. Here their first years of childish glee had been passed—years of frolicsome sport in gardens of perennial freshness and fragrance, amid birds and flowers and cloudless skies—here in the ceaseless tumult of alternate hopes and fears, perhaps in wearisome yearnings after affection, the freshness of their youth had passed away—here the dignity and gravity of maturer years had followed imperceptibly the blight of life's joyous spring-time—here, in not a few cases, old age, with its many infirmities, its gloom and despondency, its petulance and selfishness, has crept stealthily on—and here, doubtless, they would still linger on unknown and unloved, till one after another should close her dreary pilgrimage of sorrow, and lay her weary, aching head on its last earthly pillow, the heart ceasing its tumultuous throbbings, and the deathless spirit passing to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Alas! for a life thus hopeless, aimless, refugeless—for a morning so bright in promise to close in a night of such fearful gloom—that births heralded thus by the songs and rejoicings of a royal house, should prove but the precursors to death-beds of unmitigated sorrow. But we turn from the further contemplation of a scene fraught alike to the Christian and philanthropist with rayless gloom, to another scarcely less sad in its strange details.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OFFICE-HUNTING.

A SKETCH OF LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Well do tell me, Mr. Gustos" said Mrs. Soother, "how it is that Mrs. Walker so much dislikes Senator Kunckle?"

"Well," said Mr. G, "it is a rather tedious story, at least so far as the old lady's history is concerned; but I will try to make it concise as possible:

"You must know then, that this business of office-hunting in Washington, is not exclusively confined to our sex. Ladies undertake sometimes to cater for us, or caper, one may say, as in the case of the facetious old lady in question, whose adventures have not been few or small in office-hunting for her family. Much credit is due to her, though, for good intentions, and motherly interest, however injudiciously directed.

"The old lady has come of an excellent old family in Boston; and prides herself much upon her ancestry, though many of the descendants are now like herself, sharing the mutations of our plebeian republic, creeping down towards the foot of the ladder, while excellent new families are creeping up. She has long been a widow, with four or five sons, for most of whom she has succeeded, at various times, in procuring places under Government. She thinks nothing of taking a trip down to the Capitol in an hour or two after hearing of some probable vacancy that might be turned to good account for one of her family. And her stay, too, in Washington is not always attended with expense, as she has some distant relations, and many acquaintances, to whom she can make herself an agreeable guest for a time. But they often tire of her; and liking a little variety herself, she frequently honors the whole batch before returning home, and more than once takes the round—comes down here sometimes with the avowed intention of staying only a day or two on important business—then after a few weeks, or a month, takes a farewell start from the place where she had stopped in the West End, with the alleged design of staying a night with a down city friend, previous to her return to the North in the morning cars. When lo! in about another month, in pops the old lady at the same place to begin her rounds anew!

"'Well, here I am again, Mrs. Beck, to see you once more before I go!'

"'Why, law me, Mrs. Walker; why, not gone yet! or have you been home and back?'

"'Dear bless you, no! I could not get off! but have been kept here, waiting, and waiting, to see Secretary Hide and Senator Hunt; and Nehemiah, my son, has been looking up letters and recommendations in B ston, to send on, and has given me so much to do, that I am here yet; and will not get off for several days. Besides, I must see Governor Banks, who is expected here to-morrow. Gen. Rivers has promised me a letter to him. The Gov. has great influence; and if I can only get into his good graces, as I mean to try, I shall no doubt get Nehemiah an excellent office. And so you see, I have the pleasure of seeing you again, and of staying one more night with you, and would be much obliged for a pen and ink. I want to write a letter to the President. I called at the White House this morning, waited two whole hours, and at last his Majesty sent me down word he could not see me! Now what do you think of that! there is the people's President for you! My son not only voted for him, but made himself sick canvassing for him, and there is the thanks he gets. I would not give a snap of my finger for such a President; and then she will say, his man tells me I can't see him to-morrow, because it is Cabinet day, and that's the way he has been serving me for a whole month; so I am going to write him a letter, which the doorkeeper, who is very polite, will undertake to deliver himself."

"Well," continued Mr. G., "this is the style in which Mrs. Walker sometimes succeeds; but not so easily now as formerly; for she has asked so often, and is so well known, that there is little chance of her getting anything for Nehemiah. But being a lady of good address, and respectable family and appearance, gentlemen do not like to be short with her.—And each one, disclaiming his influence in forwarding her views, sends her dodging about with a letter of introduction to another quarter, and from thence she is commended to some member at the Capitol, and from there up to the Department; then off again to Gadaby's, and back again to the Secretary, who sends her to his chief clerk, not to be found, and so keeps the mill ageing; and the old lady, determined to persevere, finds herself again where she first started, and being pretty well used up at last, betakes herself to writing letters; ending, mostly, by telling them they know not what reverse of fortune may befall them yet in life, when her children may have it in their power to render important services in return for the favor now solicited. She holds a little property in her own right, enough to keep her comfortable, and she has these several weeks been paying the enormous board in this house, if she pays any at all, just for appearance sake, and to make a friend of Senator Kunckle, whom she fancies to have great influence in certain quarters. But she has pressed her claim upon the Senator with such pertinacity, that he has at length shaken her off; and has given her to understand, decidedly, that he has exhausted his influence for previous claimants, and cannot take up her case at all; and to put an end to further importunities, has been obliged to be disagreeably stern, and hence her dislike to him. But her campaign is nearly over now; at least she told me, this morning, she leaves us to-morrow for a farewell visit in the West End. But I'll bet a fifty she will be here the whole season. About midsummer, when her winter garments become too heavy, she will begin, maybe, to make tracks for Boston town.

"But hush! there she is at the door! We must all be mum now! The old lady can make herself very agreeable when she chooses. She has travelled a great deal, and is excellent company!"

Sure enough, the parlor door opening wide, admitted the stout form of Mrs. Walker, in excellent mood.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! I am very tired, but on hearing such merry voices, I thought, instead of going first to my own room, I would rest awhile here, to enjoy your agreeable society. Now, do not let me interrupt you, but go right on with your subject, and let me laugh, too! I want to hear something racy. I am so tired of politics, Presidents and Senators, that I do not care if I never hear tell of them again!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Gustos, "it will not suit you, then, to go on with our subject; for we were busily engaged discussing the uncertainties of those great personages!" and he laughed immoderately.

"Dear me!" returned the old lady, "why, it must be very amusing; their uncertainties, ha, you have been laughing at! Well, I would not mind joining you, even at my own expense; for I find them all uncertain enough, I assure you! and worse than that, a good-for-nothing set of selfish, disobliging fellows; that care for nothing but their own interest; and as for your President, I would not give a snap of my finger for him!"

"Why I thought you were an excellent Democrat?" said Mr. Gustos.

"Well, so I am" said she, "when I want to be. I can be a Whig, too, when it is convenient, and don't think it matters much which; for I have tried both parties, and find them all alike when they get into power. I wish we had a king once more! I really think things are coming to such a pass that it would be a great deal better to have a king!"

"But you know," said Mrs. Soother, "we should not speak evil of the powers that be."

"But were you not engaged just now, Mrs. S., in railing at their foibles or uncertainties, or whatever it was, along with our friends here?"

"Oh, no! Mr. Gustos only wanted to have a little pleasantry with you. He had been telling us some amusing things, and being in the vein, and knowing your leaning towards politics, thought to make a diversion in your favor!"

"Well! I am much obliged to him, I am sure—but the only leaning I have to politics or politicians just now is to abuse the whole batch, powers that be and all. Have I not good reason, when I have been, week after week, month after month, and year after year, promised and promised to have something given to Nehemiah, and always put off with some flimsy excuse! I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for the whole of them! As soon as they get into power, they turn adrift the very poorest clerks, and reserve the best places for their own relations and favorites. Yes, they will turn off a clerk without a day's notice to make room for an especial favorite. I saw an instance this very day where a poor fellow was turned adrift, who had served the government faithfully for twenty years, and without an hour's notice. The whole family are very much distressed—the father not knowing which way to turn to get bread for his children."

"This is very lamentable indeed," said Mrs. Soother, "but, perhaps, cannot be well avoided—and seeing this to be the case, I should not think you would want your son to be subjected to a like misfortune himself, or subject another to be turned off to make room for him?"

"Oh! he must take his chance along with the rest, and live more economically! lay something by for contingencies! I do not wish, by any means, to have another discharged to make room for him, especially a poor man. But so long as there will be this proscription, I think he might as well come in for a share of the spoils as any one else. He has a very good right. He has done a great deal for the party—and Col. Hooker particularly assured him that for his services Senator Kunckle stood pledged to procure him almost any office he wished—and now behold this same senator, after dodging me till he was fairly brought to bay, had the assurance to tell me he never made any such pledge, and has no influence at all to use for him. I would not give a snap of my finger for his pledges! And then his mooted question at the dinner table. 'Is it consistent or not consistent with the laws of etiquette to ask for a second plate of soup?' laugh! Why, I know well enough that up in Roxbury, not many years ago, he did not need to make a mooted question of his succotash; for he had to make one mess of it out of a good sturdy platter and a wooden spoon! But I have done with him now, and the whole batch of them for the present, any how. I have received news that obliges me to go home next week—but will be back again next winter if I am spared, to reconnoitre the ground again!"

EUALIA.

☞ The Romans worshipped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an eagle—a dollar—but we make all even by adoring it with tenfold devotion.

☞ The women of Albany have commenced to cut their hair short, like men. The next movement of the "strong minded" will be to raise whiskers and moustaches—if they can.

☞ Sir John Germain was so ignorant that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

☞ Contempt, says an Eastern proverb, pierces even through the shell of a tortoise.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. C. CROWE,

AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Middlemas could not believe her eyes, nor Maria either, when she discovered what was the matter. They had both seen Bassot place the diamonds in the box, and seal it up only a few days before. It had never been opened since. It was put into the jewel-case the same evening, and that was placed in a trunk, from which it was now first taken. The jewel-case had a Bramah lock; and the key was attached to her watch-chain, which was at the head of her bed by night, and round her neck by day; and yet the diamonds had disappeared. Somebody must have stolen them; but when? Certainly not since their arrival in England; for the trunk in which the jewel-case was packed had not been opened till that morning; she was still without a maid; and the keys had never been out of her own possession. "The Custom-House," suggested Maria; but Bunbury himself went to the Custom-House with the luggage, unlocked the trunks and locked them again; and the jewel-case had never been opened—for Mrs. M. had gone straight to the hotel, and the key was hanging to her chain.

"They never took it out of the trunk, nor touched it," said Bunbury, on hearing of the calamity. "I was thinking what I should do for the key if they wanted to open it."

Of course, when this sort of inexplicable thing happens, people can do nothing but wonder and talk and recapitulate all the circumstances; and when they have come to the end, begin over again.

"You know, we stood talking to Bassot while he put the diamonds in the silver-paper. I remember how neat and flat he folded it, turned up the two ends, and sealed them with a bit of green wax: my eyes were never off him for a moment."

"Nor mine either," said Maria.

"Then he folded the box in paper, and sealed that also, and then handed it to me. We can't be deceived in that; he certainly put them in. If I never see the diamonds again, I can't accuse him. I remember," she continued, after a pause, "that when I got home, I laid the bag on my bed; it had never been out of this hand till then since I left Bassot's shop; and there it lay till I was going to Laure's. Now, nobody could get into that bedroom without going through the *salon*, which we never left for a moment the whole afternoon."

"No," said Maria, "except when we were *in* the bedroom. It is impossible that any living thing but a mouse could have got at the bag without our seeing it."

"Then, I remember, when I had got my bonnet and cloak on to go to Laure's, I took up the bag, for my purse was in it; and that as I was going through the *salon*, I remembered the diamonds; and I said it was no use walking through Paris with diamonds about me, and I took out the packet and laid it on the table."

"And Tapp said he would stay and take care of them," said Maria.

"Very true; so he did," rejoined Mrs. Middlemas; but the tone of her voice was changed; she spoke slowly, as people do who are arriving at a conviction.

"And he never stirred out of the room, I am certain," pursued Maria. "Indeed, *I recollect he said he had not when we returned. He said*, 'Here I am, like a faithful watch-dog; I have never left my charge.'"

"He did; and he was the only person who ever saw the box, or who knew what was in it," said Mrs. M., significantly.

"If it had not been Bassot himself," began Maria, after a pause.

"It's nonsense to talk about Bassot, Maria," said Mrs. M., impatiently; "we know very well he has nothing to do with it."

"Well, but who has? It's impossible to fix upon anybody.'

"Hum! Somebody must have done it, you know," said Mrs. M., looking at Maria, with a peculiar significance.

"Who?" said Maria, whilst the blood rushed to her face; for she was struck with Mrs. M.'s expression.

"It must be somebody, you know, who had access to the box. Now, whilst it was in my bag, you must admit, nobody could get at it, unless they were magicians, and could make themselves invisible."

"Well, I know they could not," replied Maria; "I don't know what you are driving at."

"And certainly nobody could have got at it whilst it was in the dressing-case, and the dressing-case in that trunk; you'll admit that, I suppose?"

"Of course I admit it," said Maria, drawing up her head and looking steadily at Mrs. M. "And what then?"

"Only that the diamonds are gone—that's all."

"I see what you mean," said Maria, bursting into tears; "I could not have believed such a thing."

"Nor I either," rejoined Mrs. M., coolly.

"I mean, that I could not have believed you would be so cruel, so insulting, so unjust!" sobbed Maria.

"You may say it's cruel, insulting, and unjust, Maria; but do me the favor to tell me, who ever had a moment's opportunity to take the diamonds, or who could have any motive for stealing the contents of that little, insignificant-looking box, in preference to all my jewels and valuable things, which they might quite as easily have taken? He did not know they were for you, nor you either; because, till I got your papa's letter about them, I would not mention it, for fear he might say I was not to give them to you."

"I have always known you hated him, and wished to separate us," sobbed Maria.

"I own I never approved of the match," said Mrs M. "You could not expect I should—a penniless fellow, of no family, and nothing in the world to recommend him. You know the distress it has occasioned your father; and now that this has happened—"

"Now that what has happened?" said Maria, fiercely.

"You may be as indignant as you please, Maria, but you cannot alter facts. You know, as well as I do, that nobody else *could* have taken the diamonds."

Maria's faith was strong; she could not for a moment believe it; and yet what Mrs. M. said was unanswerable. Nobody could have had access to them but Tapp; he alone knew anything of them at all; he alone knew where they were; and alone he was left in the room, with the box lying on the table, for three-quarters of an hour; he had plenty of time to open the paper it was enveloped in, and to seal it up again. There were wax and matches in the room.

Overcome with grief, indignation, and perplexity, Maria retired to her room; and after indulging herself with what ladies call a good cry, she sat down to write to Tapp, who had left London for Portsmouth, where his brother, a lieutenant in the navy, was then residing.—She told him of the loss of the diamonds, and of their great perplexity as to what had become of them; but she could not bring herself to hint Mrs. M.'s suspicions. She begged him to write by return of post, which he did, saying he was very sorry, and that it was very strange, &c., &c.; but on the whole treating the matter very lightly, as Mrs. M. indignantly said; which apparent indifference, Maria held, went to prove his innocence; while her mamma, of course, held a directly opposite opinion.

"It is his interest to make light of it," said Mrs. M.

"He doesn't see what he has to do with it," said Maria. "Besides, he doesn't set any value on such things."

"He sets some value on money, I suppose; and I presume he's aware that diamonds are very salable articles. There are plenty of Jews at Portsmouth. I thought he was in a great hurry to get away. Besides, it's such a convenient place for sending them out of the country; I dare say they are across the Channel by this time."

Great as was Maria's indignation and faith, she had nothing to answer. There was no denying that appearances were very much against Tapp, and that, in short, nobody else *could* have taken them; yet she could not believe that he had; and all she could do was to say so.

"Well," said Mrs. M., "the loss of the diamonds is very serious; but there is a much more serious consideration involved in the business than that. Of course you will not marry a man that lies under such a stigma."

"I shall certainly not give up my engagement," said Maria.

"I think you had better consider a little," replied Mrs. M. "Of course, neither I nor your father can ever give our consent to, or in any way countenance, the connection. Your aunt, I am quite sure, when she hears what has happened—and I shall write to her immediately—will withdraw her consent; so, setting aside all other considerations, I should like to know what you are to live on?"

"We shall find the means to live, I dare say," said Maria.

"Well, certainly you may, I forgot that; if Captain Tapp is a dexterous hand at this sort of thing, he will find the means to live for a time; but that is but a precarious mode of subsistence, you know, and it's apt to end in a visit to the colonies."

Maria's iterations, that she did not believe in his guilt, of course, were of no avail, in face of the unanswerable proofs Mrs. M. could allege. Miss Darnley, horror-struck, withdrew her consent from the match; and Colonel M. was written to on the subject. The poor girl could do nothing but weep; she could not bear to tell Tapp of the conviction that prevailed, which he did not seem to suspect, or passed over in silence; whilst Mrs. M. was unwilling to take any legal steps, for fear of *making public an affair that would connect Miss Middlemas's name with such a low-born, contemptible scoundrel as Tapp.*

"I wonder if I could convince you of this man's guilt," said Mrs. Middlemas, after some reflection, "whether you would be willing to give him up?"

"Certainly," said Maria; "I wouldn't marry a thief; but it is because—"

"Well, never mind arguing the point now. But I am determined to go back to Paris, and put the affair into the hands of the police; for indubitably it was there the diamonds were stolen; but, before I speak to the police, we'll go to Alexis, and hear what he says about it. He was certainly the means of finding Madame de T——'s bracelet; he described the woman that had taken it, and told when and where it was stolen."

"With all my heart," said Maria, who, having witnessed several successful experiments, had a thorough belief in clairvoyance; and if he says that Tapp took them, I'll believe him; but I am certain he will not."

The next day they started for Paris, leaving their luggage at the hotel, and mentioning their design to nobody whatever. If any body inquired for them, the waiter had orders to say that they had gone out of town for a few days.

On their arrival, they drove to the hotel they had formerly inhabited, but made no allusion whatever to the loss they had sustained; and the following morning they were the earliest visitors Alexis received. Being put to sleep, and his attention directed to Mrs. Middlemas, he said,

"I see you have lost something; it's something of value; it's something bright—how it shines! Ah, they are jewels—you have been robbed!"

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Middlemas, whilst Maria's heart beat with anxiety.

"And can you see the thief?" inquired Mrs. M.

"You lost them here in Paris. I see the room; it's a large room, and there's a door open to another room; there are a great many things on the table, and the jewels are there too, in a little box. He should not open the box."

"Who?" said Mrs. Middlemas.

"The thief. He has taken the jewels, and put them in his waistcoat pocket."

"Can you describe him?" said the mesmeriser.

"He's short, not thin; he has not much hair; I think he is a soldier—yes, he's a soldier."

Mrs. Middlemas nodded her head, as much as to say, "I knew it;" whilst Maria sat pale and trembling, overcome with grief and astonishment.

"And can you see where the jewels are now?" inquired Mrs. M.

Alexis said yes, that he could see they were in a box with a great deal of other jewelry, and that box was in another large box; but he did not succeed in conveying an idea of where these boxes were to be found. However, the information, as far as it went, was decisive. Alexis could never have seen or heard of Tapp in his life; it was utterly impossible he could have learnt their loss, as they had mentioned it to no one in Paris and only to their own family in England. The evidence appeared to Mrs. Middlemas irresistible; and even Maria felt that she could not reject it. The next day they had an interview with the chief inspector of the *arrondissement*, and told him the story. He expressed a strong conviction that *ce Monsieur* was the thief. Naturally; for who else could it be? And when he heard he was no longer in Paris, observed that it was much to be regretted, as his absence greatly diminished their chance of recovering the jewels. However, he promised that every diligence should be used, and immediate inquiries made among the receivers and others, in case he had disposed of them before he left France. He proposed also that the police in London and Portsmouth should be put in possession of the circumstance.

"What could you do more if he were here?" said Mrs. M.; "for I don't wish any publicity given to this affair, for particular reasons, though I should be very glad to prove his guilt, and also to get back the diamonds."

"We should have him under surveillance; we should know all his goings and comings, all his associations and resorts," said the official; "we should ascertain what money he had, or had spent."

The revelations of Alexis, and the conviction of the shrewd inspector, produced their natural effect on Maria. Unwilling as she was to do so, there was no alternative but to believe her lover had taken the diamonds. But now a new idea occurred to her; he had doubtless done it as a jest, to frighten and perplex them. He was certainly not habitually a joker, practical or otherwise; but he might have taken a fancy to exhibit himself in that character for once; so she resolved to write to him, assuming that view of the case, saying that they had discovered his jest through the revelations of Alexis, blaming him for carrying it so far, and requesting him to write by return of post if he had them, of which fact she felt no doubt. Thus, she thought, if he has taken them in jest, he will exonerate himself; and even if it was not in jest, this will give him an opportunity of returning them. By the same post, unknown to the ladies, the French inspector notified the circumstance to the chief of the London police, who lost no time in conveying the information to the inspector at Portsmouth.

On the third day after these letters had been despatched, Tapp entered the *salon*, where Mrs. M. and Maria were sitting at breakfast, in a state of extreme flustor and agitation. He said he had started immediately on receipt of the letter, and protested violently against the supposition that he had the diamonds. His protestations, however, produced no effect on Mrs. Middlemas; the diamonds had been taken and it was morally impossible that any body else *could* have taken them. The circumstantial evidence was as strong as circumstantial evidence could be; even the police said there could be no doubt as to the fact.

"If you choose to return them," she said, "we shall consider the affair as a jest, and you shall hear no more about it; if you do not, you must take the consequences."

Tapp maintained his innocence; appealed to the evidence of his former life, of which, however, they knew very little; and urged the cruelty of branding him with such a crime, when they had no evidence that he had committed it. Mrs. M. answered that many a man had been hanged upon less; she became very angry; Tapp covered his face with his hands and wept, and Maria kept him company.

"Perhaps you had debts," said Mrs. M., "*and you wanted to discharge them before your marriage.*" He declared he had no debts. "Perhaps not now; you may have sold the diamonds, and paid them; but only confess it, to relieve our minds from anxiety, and I promise that no further steps shall be taken in the business."

But her entreaties and Maria's tears availed nothing; he swore that he had not taken them at all, neither in jest nor in earnest; nor ever even touched the packet, which he admitted Mrs. M. had left on the table when she went to Laure's. This scene lasted some hours; and at the end of it he went away, saying he should go and give himself up to the police. But the police declined taking him into custody. They left him free, which answered their purpose better. But he soon became aware that every step he took was watched; and it appeared to him that everybody was in the conspiracy against him. He thought the people at the hotel where he lodged looked suspiciously on him; and the *garcon* at the Cafe Anglais, where he dined, had his eye upon him. If he passed a *sergent-de-ville* in the street, the man turned his head to look after him. If he went into a shop to make a purchase, he saw the people took him for a thief, and followed his movements with suspicion. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he felt he was never alone. He had no motive for staying in Paris; he wished to return to his brother at Portsmouth, whom he had so hastily quitted; but he was doubtful whether he should be permitted to depart. However, driven to desperation, he at length resolved to try, and he found no obstacle placed in his way; but when he went to Lafitte's for his money, the clerk that took his paper looked up sharply over his spectacles when he read the name; and when he took his tickets at the railway, he observed a man standing beside him, who followed him to the carriage, and never lost sight of him till the train started. He took his ticket to London, where he saw a policeman whispering to the cabman who drove him to his hotel; and he had not been at Portsmouth half an-hour before he observed another talking to the cook through the area-rails.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Middlemas and her daughter returned to London, where, alas! there was no necessity to purchase *trousseau* now; and after a short stay there, they proceeded to Yorkshire, where they intended remaining some time with their relation before they left England. Mrs. Middlemas was going to rejoin her husband; and Maria, wretched and ashamed, had consented to go with her.

"I don't believe in his guilt," she said; "I never will; but I know I can't marry a man lying under such a stigma; and therefore it's better I should go with you."

When the time approached for their departure, Maria, who had broken off all communication with her lover, could not resist the temptation to write him a farewell letter, saying that appearances were unfortunately so much against him that she could not act in opposition to the opinions of her family; and that therefore, as their engagement was terminated, she was going to India with Mrs. M.; that she hoped he might form another that would be conducive to his happiness; and that it might be a satisfaction to him to know that, in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence adduced, she could not bring herself to believe in his guilt.

This letter she addressed to the care of his brother, at Portsmouth, and she looked anxiously for an answer; but none arrived; and as she had informed him of the period they had fixed for the termination of their visit, she concluded he had either not received her letter, or that he was too much hurt and too indignant to write. This gave her a great deal of pain; for she had a longing desire to hear from him once more before she set out on her long journey, which was to be on the ensuing day; and as she sat in the bed-chamber occupied by herself, and Mrs. Middlemas, surrounded by trunks and boxes, and all the litter of a great packing up, she thought sadly of her disappointed expectations and blighted hopes. Her habits and her tastes wholly unfitted her for that life in India which Mrs. M. described as so agreeable. She was leaving the friends of her youth for strangers; for even her father she had been very little with; and she felt that, though she should be living in his family, she should never feel herself of it. Then she thought of her lover. She was confident he was not habitually dishonest; and if he *had* taken the diamonds, it must have been under some extraordinary pressure of circumstances—the relief of his brother, perhaps, who she knew was very much embarrassed by a narrow income and large family—two things which are dreadfully apt to go together. But no, he had not taken them; nothing but his own confession should ever convince her of his guilt; and if he was innocent, how cruel oh, how cruel it was! with that warm and affectionate heart, that simple unsophisticated nature, that shy and susceptible temperament. She knew he was not handsome, though in her eyes it was a good, honest countenance. She knew he was not polished up to the mark of a fine gentleman; but his manners partook of his character; he was too good-natured to be ill-bred. And he was so alone in the world; for what acquaintances he had were in the village where Miss Darnley lived, and where he would no more appear. He had no relations but the poor brother at Portsmouth; and she herself had been his hope and his mainstay for five years, during which they had kept their engagement secret, knowing it would be disapproved. "And how he relied on me!" And she wept and sobbed till her aunt's little dog Spot, who was lying under the bed, crawled out, and, rising on his hind legs and placing his fore feet on her lap, looked up with large brown eyes, expressing wonder and commiseration, into her face.

"Ah, Spot," she said, with that melting of the heart that makes us greet with welcome the humblest sympathy; "ah, Spot, he was always kind to you, and you loved him! What nice walks we had together, Spot,—hadn't we?—through the green lanes and over the broad fields, when you used to scamper away after the hares and rabbits that you never caught! Ah, Spot, there'll be no more such walks for us!"

But Spot seemed to take a more hopeful view of the case; he wagged his tail cheerfully, and seemed to be of Grip's opinion, that we should never say die. Relieved by her tears, Maria dried her eyes, and set to work once more at her packing, while Spot crawled back under the bed.

We are all more or less disposed to melancholy on the eve of a long journey. Parting with people or places that we may never see again, even when we don't care much about them, arouses recollections and reflections that *soften and sadden the heart*; and this mood of mind is not diminished by the air of discomfort that usually pervades the house on these occasions, and the irregularity that deranges the establishment. Even dogs are sensible to this influence, and generally fall into low spirits when they observe symptoms of a great move.

"By the by, where's Spot?" said Miss Darnley, as they sat in silence over the fire after dinner; for she had been thinking what an unfortunate thing this broken engagement was for her. If Maria had married Tapp, the young couple were to have lived with her; in fact, in countenancing the connection, she was not quite free from selfish motives. She loved her niece, and they perfectly suited each other.—She knew it was not such a match as the colonel expected for his daughter; but she firmly believed Maria and her lover were calculated to make each other happy; and their pecuniary interests she herself was able to provide for.—"Now," thought she, "I shall pass my latter days in solitude, with nobody but poor Spot for my companion." But this put her in mind of the dog, and she remembered that he had had no dinner. "Poor fellow!" she said, "he never could bear packing; the sight of trunks and litter always takes away his appetite."

"I think he's under our bed," said Maria; "I'll go and fetch him."

"You had better take a candle; you'll fall over the boxes," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"No," said Maria, "I'll only go to the door and call him."

"Spot, Spot!" said she; and immediately she heard the dog crawl from under the bed. "Poor fellow!" she added, patting him as he came to her feet; "come with me, and I'll give you some dinner—it's the last dinner I shall ever give you, I dare say;" and wagging his tail Spot followed her down stairs and into the dining-room, where he was very civilly received, and his dinner presented to him.

After he had eaten it, and refreshed himself with a little water from his basin, which stood under the sideboard, he drew towards the fire, by which they were sitting, and having turned round four or five times, curled himself up on the hearth rug, and lay down.

"What's that shining on Spot's ear?" said Miss Darnley, as the firelight gleamed on the dog's head. "Come here, Spot; let me see what it is you've got there. I declare it's a bit of glass entangled in Spot's curls;" and she picked out the bit of glass. "And here's another bit. Has there been a glass broken in your room?"

"No," said Mrs. Middlemas; "not that I know of?"

"Here's some more of it sticking in his frill," said Miss Darnley, feeling about the dog's throat. "Do ring the bell, Maria; let us have candles; he may lick himself, and swallow some of it."

So the candles were brought, and the little bits of glass picked out and laid on the table.

"How they shine!" said the ladies, taking them up and examining them.

"Is it glass?" said Miss Darnley; "I don't think it's glass; they appear to be crystals. Look, when they are all together," and she put them in a cluster. "Why, they might be taken for diamonds!"

"I don't know what it is," said Mrs. Middlemas; "I think it must be glass."

"It's out of your room; for Spot's been there all day. Run up, Maria, and see if there is any more of it."

Maria, who had at first not paid much attention to what was going on, at the word *diamonds* had approached the table, and taken one of these shining atoms in her hand. She rolled it between her finger and thumb, and satisfied herself that it was not glass: it was perfectly smooth and polished; if it had been broken glass, the edges must have been rough. Then she looked at them clustered together; and she observed, when the light fell on them, that they reflected various hues. There were six or seven of these shining atoms found entangled in the dog's hair. What could they be? She took up the candle, and walked slowly up stairs, with a sort of vague feeling of, not hope, but wonder and curiosity; for she believed in her heart that they were actually diamonds; and if they were, they could scarcely be any other diamonds than the lost ones, for they had no others unset. But then it was impossible; where could they have been all this time? So nobody must have taken them out of the box in the first instance; and that person could, it was proved, have been nobody but Tapp. Suddenly a dreadful thought struck her. He *had* taken them, and this was the means he had adopted to get rid of them, and escape further detection and trouble. He had, in some way, got them conveyed into the house, and probably into their bed-chamber. He had several acquaintances in the neighborhood, and probably induced one of them to undertake this enterprise for him; or he might have bribed one of the servants to do it. Her heart turned sick at the thought of this confirmation of her lover's guilt. With a pale cheek and trembling hand she opened the door of the bed-chamber; and stretching out her arm with the candle, so that the light should be diffused, she looked around the room, but no shining objects presented themselves. Then she examined the carpet; nothing of the sort. Lastly, she lifted the valance of the bed. Ah, here indeed was the nest from which Spot had purloined these bright feathers! There was a cluster of them, together with bits of torn paper and unconsidered rubbish, that in the course of a week's packing, during which the housemaid had been forbidden to touch anything, had got kicked under the bed. With a feeling of intense grief at this overwhelming proof of Tapp's unworthiness, Maria summoned Mrs. Middlemas and her aunt up stairs.

"Look under the bed" she said, holding up the valance, and throwing the light of the candle on the stones.

"Good Heavens!" said Mrs. Middlemas; "it's certainly the diamonds;" and she stretched out her hand to draw them out. "How in the world could they come there?"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Darnley; "and how you have accused that poor fellow, Tapp, of stealing them, and you had them yourself all the while."

"But it is impossible," said Mrs. M.; "everything has been packed and unpacked, and packed again; besides, how could they get out of the box? There must be more; look, Maria, the largest of them is not here. Pull out all that litter; it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

Maria said nothing; she would not be the first to suggest how they got there; it would probably be discovered soon enough.

"Here's the box," she said; "Bassot's box."

"I remember, I threw it on the floor yesterday when I was packing the jewel-case," said Mrs. M., as Maria handed out the lower half of the box, and then the cover.

"And Spot's been gnawing it," said Maria.

"He always gnaws something when he is forgotten at dinner," said Miss Darnley; "I think it's to teach us not to do it again."

"Oh," cried Maria, rising from her knees, "oh, look, mamma! look, aunt! they've been here all the while!—they've been here all the while!" and sitting down on the side of the bed, she burst into tears.

It was quite true; the diamonds had never been out of the box where Bassot had placed them. He had sealed the bit of silver-paper in which he had folded them; and when he had put on the cover of the box, the little packet had stuck fast to the top by the warm wax. There it was still, adhering by the same green wax, though happily torn by Spot in impatience for his dinner. The remaining diamonds were found in its folds.

We will not dwell on all the emotions of joy and remorse to which this strange discovery gave rise. Letters were immediately despatched to Portsmouth, explanatory and apologetic; the voyage was given up for the present; and Tapp was invited to present himself without delay. But in a few days an answer came from the brother, saying that the poor fellow had been so broken hearted about the whole thing, and was so possessed by the belief that the police were after him, that he had left England without telling where he was going; "for," said he, 'if I am inquired for, you can then say with truth, you don't know where I am. If I find myself uncomfortable on the continent, I shall go to America; but if I do, I promise to write to you.' Therefore," said the brother, "I think he is still in Europe, though where, I have no idea. He knew he could never prove his innocence, and expected to live and die with this stigma upon him."

The discovery of the diamonds had taken place about three months previous to my meeting them; and in spite of Bunbury's travels, Tapp had not been traced, which I thought might be owing to the delicacy with which they conducted their investigations. They were afraid, if any vague rumor of pursuit reached him, he might leave Europe.

The information I had to give was of course most joyfully received, and they were encouraged to undertake a fresh campaign by the hope it inspired. They left Vevay the next day, to return towards the Rhine; whilst I was left to meditate on the strange events, and on the curious trifles which often decide our destiny. What would have become of Tapp, and what would have been Maria's fate, if Mrs Middlemas, had not thrown that box on the floor; or if Spot had been called down to dinner at the usual time? Who can tell? Certainly the whole course of their lives would have been changed.

I thought of the extraordinary error of Alexis, too. I have never seen him; but I have witnessed many wonderful phenomena of that description, and I concluded that it was a case of thought-reading. He was placed in *rapport* with Mrs. Middlemas, and gave back her own impressions.

Some time afterwards I heard, with great satisfaction, that the poor injured Tapp had been discovered at a hydropathic establishment on the Rhine, where he had gone to avoid English travellers, and also with a hope of obtaining some relief, from the state of nervous disorder to which these events had reduced him.

The wedding was fixed for an early day, and I shortly afterwards received two cards, united by a bow of white ribbon, which I suppose was the supreme fashion at the village of B——. They were inscribed with the names of Captain and Mrs. Tapp.

THE UNIVERSAL CORNER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When little John is five years old,
With cheeks like peaches glowing,
With merry eyes, half bold, half shy,
And smiles like ripples flowing—
Would'st see him happy? watch him well
And prowl as famous Horner,
You'll find him joyous and alone,
With sweetmeats in the corner.

And older grown, a youth in years,
When tastes and pleasures vary,
He loves to haunt the self-same place,
With cousin Jane or Mary.
Inquire not what their talk may be,
Nor laugh, you idle scorner;
But be assured, whate'er they say,
They're happy in the corner.

And later still, when past his prime,
He's run his round of pleasure,
And learned, like Israel's mournful king,
The worth of things to measure;
"What shadows I have chased," he cries—
And sighs with heart forlorner—
"Vexation, vanity and shame,
I spy you from the corner."

Still faithful to the place, he sits,
With wife and children round him,
And smokes the "calumet of peace,"
When troubles would confound him;
Takes fortune kindly if she comes,
If absent does not mourn her;
So topple kingdoms if you will—
He's quiet in the corner.

AN INAUGURATION IN THE OLDEN TIME.—One morning in April, 1789, says the Albany Journal, two gray haired men appeared in the open gallery of the old City Hall in Wall street, New York. The one held in his hand a quarto Bible, and was recognized by the crowd in the street below as Chancellor Livingston. The other, dressed in a plain dark suit in home-made cloth—the product of an American loom, and stitched by American fingers—and wearing a common steel-hilted sword, was known by all to be George Washington. There were no guns or drums, no dignitaries of church and State, no foreign Envoys surrounding. There was no Inaugural Address, no procession—no "banner, music, or adornments." The Chancellor repeated the oath, and the first President bowed assent, kissed the book, and the ceremony was over.

Useful Receipts.

BRONCHITIS.—The following is a cure for bronchitis:—Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute it with a little water, occasionally moistening the lips and mouth with it. It has never been known to fail in any case, even where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow.—*Exchange Paper.*

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—An Ohio correspondent gives the following remedy:—"Feed little or none on corn-dough—but feed plentifully on cheese made of lobbed milk or clabber, crums of wheat and corn bread. We also keep clabber in a trough always within reach of the young chickens. This we believe has been a perfect remedy in our hands for gapes, for the past seventeen years."—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO CURE SWINNEY.—First, find out the seat of the disease, then take the small blade of a pocket-knife, stick it in the seat of the disease immediately behind the shoulder blade of the horse, so that it will reach the bone under the shoulder blade; work the point of your knife blade about so as to scarify the stuffin that cover the bones, well, but do not cut the orifice in the skin larger than the knife blade; then cut the same way about three inches above and below; rub the shoulder every night and morning with a smooth wooden block, until your horse is well, which will be about a week or ten days. If there is not considerable improvement in a week, repeat the cutting. I have been practising this remedy for the last fifteen years, and I have never yet failed to cure.—*Cor. Southern Cotton Planter.*

TO CAUSE A STAMPEDE OF RATS.—Upon a floor, in some convenient part of the premises, get the rats well baited. Then strew around the bait a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, with a trail of the same leading to some distant place, where one can be secreted. When a sufficient number have gathered to partake of their repast, touch fire to the powder. The object is not to kill, but if rightly managed the fire will give their fur coats such a scorching that they will (unless perhaps some of them may be deprived of their eye sight by the operation) repair to their comrades with intelligence of the disaster. A council of the whole tribe will be immediately called, when the phenomenon, being inexplicable to them, and together with the fear of its being repeated, will cause them all to leave the premises.—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

USE OF SALT IN COOKING VEGETABLES.—A German professor says that if one portion of vegetables be boiled in pure distilled or rain water and another in water to which a little salt has been added, a decided difference is perceptible in the tenderness of the two. Vegetables boiled in pure water are vastly inferior in flavor. This inferiority may go so far in the case of onions that they are almost entirely destitute of either taste or odor, though when cooked in salt water, in addition to the pleasant salt taste, is a peculiar sweetness and a strong aroma. They also contain more soluble matter than when cooked in pure water. Water which contains 1,420th of its weight of its salt is far better for cooking vegetables than pure water, because the salt hinders the solution and evaporation of the soluble and flavoring principles of the vegetables.

CURE FOR THE HOG DISTEMPER.—An esteemed correspondent, residing at Bethel, Clermont county, Ohio, writes that he has discovered a remedy for the malady among hogs, which has proved so destructive in the Miami Valley. His remedy is to put two quarts of flax seed in ten gallons of water, and boil it until the seed is thoroughly cooked, and then give it to the hogs as fast as they can drink it, and repeat the dose for a week or so. Our correspondent found this remedy effectual. It is very simple, and well worthy of a trial among farmers.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MY LADY LEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

The sky is blue and filled with song,
The wind is free upon the sea,
The clouds blow over and tarry not long,
But what doth grieve my Lady Lee?

In her terraced garden upon the sea-shore,
She sits as sad as sad may be;
She heedeth not ripple, she heedeth not roar,
What is it that grieveth my Lady Lee?

The rich sunshine on terrace and slope,
And twist the rose leaves red and white,
Is spread, like a purple and golden hope,
Over a life that is gladness and light.

But what doth grieve my Lady Lee,
And why doth she sit with folded hands?
The sky is holy and fair to see,
The clouds float over in fairy bands.

Glory from heaven, and song from the meads,
Murmurs from seaward, and odor from flowers;
But she, like a mourner in woful weeds,
Wringeth her hands amid her bowers.

What was it came to her dreams last night?
Was it a ship, a very ghost,
On every mast a spirit light,
Gliding along a savage coast?

What fancy came upon gilded wing?
Was it a glimmer of early time,
When she strung pearls on a random string,
Idly, idly, as I this rhyme?

When the clouds in the sunset air
Were golden and crimson over the sea—
When my lady was Amy Le Clayre—
Ere my lady was Lady Lee!

Who was it came to her dreams last night?
A bold, bold knight of a far countree?
Silver-sheathed, and plumed for the fight,
In a castle glimmering over the sea?

Did he smile upon Amy Le Clayre?
Woe is me! woe is me!
Who had baronies grand and fair?
Ah, it was my Lord of Lee!

Did she have dreams of a Paynim field,
Foughten well, and crimson stained,
Trampled by knights all plated in steel,
Till the last glimmer of sunset waned?

Then of a palmer by wayside well,
For very love of the holy rood,
With sandal-shoon and cockle-shell,
Kneeling in solemn-thoughted mood?

My Lady Lee she rises again,
She paces down to the long-laid sands;
Like one that is smitten with sudden pain,
Again she wrings her lily hands.

What doth she see in deathly plight?
Whom doth she see, my Lady Lee?
'Tis the corpse of a palmer-knight,
With a face that is royal-grand to see!

She doth kiss that knightly face;
Woe is me! woe is me!
Is it a wife's or a leman's place?
Where is now my Lord of Lee?

He hath come down from his lofty tower,
Down to the garden walk, pardie;
Past my Lady's sylvan bower,
Down to the white foam of the sea.

He sweareth an oath in a lordly way,
'Twas at rage and pain; 'twere something to see!
"This knight shall sleep with the dogs to-day!
Look to thyself, my Lady Lee!"

She hath gone up 'neath the shady limes,
Into the chapel to kneel and weep,
With a vision of early times,
Like a nightmare on one asleep.

He hath gone up to his knightly hall,
Stroking his dog in the garden path;
Grim as the frowning castle wall,
Nursing a hidden bolt of wrath.

* * * * * * *

And what of my Lady, and what of my Lord,
What of his anger, and what of her tears?
Both have been sleeping beneath the green sward
For a full five hundred years.

And if they perished well, or ill,
What doth it matter this bright Spring morn?
Of bitter woes we have had our fill;
So have millions before we were born.

With his hound at his feet, let my Lord sleep,
My bold and burly Lord of Lee;
The skies shall forever over him weep—
Over him moan the restless sea.

And let her rest, with a quiet breast,
My fair and mournful Lady Lee;
Balmy winds from the south and west,
Breathing over her tenderly.

HE RANDOLPH'S SPECTACLES.—An Irish tleman, who travelled with Randolph in pe, relates that one morning, in London, hey were talking over their adventures, the of Roanoke said to him—"Do you know t I am growing old, and have not yet become ustomed to it?"

How do you happen to make the discovery t now?" asked his friend.

Why," replied he, "last week I received invitation from our Minister, Mr. Rush, to et a party especially chosen for me, I opened note in the presence of some gentlemen, was too vain to use my spectacles. I read hursday,' and threw the note away after ds. On Thursday, accordingly, I presented lf at Mr. Rush's house at 7 o'clock, and was red into the drawing-room, where to my no all surprise I found Mrs. Rush quietly giv- the children their tea.

Queer preparations for a dinner party thinks myself, and sat down. I ventured to in- e, 'Has not Mr. Rush come home yet?' Oh,' said she, he has gone to dine at d ——s.' 'Bless my soul, madam,' I, 'how can that be? Here I am by his tion to meet a party.' 'My dear Ran- ,' exclaimed she, 'what a mistake. Your was on Tuesday last, and we waited for ntil half past eight o'clock, when we gave up as either sick or out of town; but you received your note of invitation?' id, madam,' replied I, 'and I am justly hed for my vanity. I was ashamed to use spectacles before strangers, and as I am blind, my eyes read Thursday, and I never red to my note again. So I have lost a hful dinner, but am amply repaid by find- on and your children alone, for now I have what is so rare in London, to stran- a social evening.' 'Take my advice, sir, never endeavor to cheat old Time, or he heat you."

OMEN IN CHINA.—Rev. Mr. Vrooman, of on, as the result of several missionary into the interior of the "Celestial Em- pronounces the following high eulogium the fair sex:—'It is believed that no else in the world, is there so much of the material for making genuine ladies, and e where else is that material so much as in China. These females are virtu- taste, modest, and gentle, so far as cir- fances permit; and it is the vein of pure hood, cropping out amidst the debris of m, which give hope of a mine beneath."

A SCENE IN RUSSIA DURING THE CHOLERA.

The people, in their miserable ignorance of right and wrong, caught hold of an idea. This idea was no doubt industriously disseminated among them in the first instance by agents of the secret Democratic and Socialist party. The idea was that the moujiks their brethren were being systematically poisoned by the German doctors, and by express direction of the Government. For once Ivan Ivanovitch forgot that the Czar was his father, his pastor and master, his guide, philosopher and friend, and Heaven's viceregent upon earth. An analogous report of the wells having been poisoned was, it will be remembered, current among the populace in Paris in the first year of the cholera's visitation, and several emeutes took place; nor in England, in eighteen thirty-two, were there wanting alarmists of the Mrs. Grundy school to ascribe the pestilence—on the one side to the machinations of the disappointed borough-mongers; on the other, to the malevolence of Levellers, Radicals, and Trades Union men. Ivan forgot the power of the police, and his own helplessness. He and his comrades in thousands stormed the hospitals, massacred the doctors and their assistants, under circumstances of the most shocking brutality, threw the beds and bedding out of the windows, carried off the patients (to die, poor wretches, in carts and cellars, and under vegetable stalls and horse troughs;) and then, like a mob of schoolboys who have screwed up their courage to pelt an unpopular usher, and who afterwards with outward words of boasting and rebellion, but with an inward sinking of their hearts into their high ows, bar themselves into the school-room, defying the masters, but knowing full well that authority will get the best of it, and that Birnam Wood will be brought to Dunsinane, for brooms to thrash them with;—the Ivan did his barring out. All cowering and wondering that he could have been so bold in the Sennaia; entrenching himself behind trusses of hay and piles of fruit and vegetables—beneath the bulks of butchers' stalls and among crates of crockery (for they sell all things in Haymarket;) armed with such rude instruments of defence as hatchets, and straightened scythes attached to poles, and the great three-pronged forks with which the bread is drawn from the peetch, or stove; he awaited the coming of the troops.

I have no doubt, that had the soldiery really arrived and set to work, the moujiks would have suffered the most violent cannonade and musket practice, without attempting to move until they were routed out by the bayonet. Their energy was over; their rebellion was, thenceforth, inert and passive. But the Czar Nicholas knew too well the temperament of his children to send against them, or horse, or foot, or artillery. To cowhide your slave; good; but to destroy valuable property by taking your slave's life, none but a foolish slaveholder would do that. It is an old story, but worth the telling again, that Nicholas, unattended by escort, or aid-de-camp, or groom, was driven in his single droschky, with the one single Ischvostchik before him to drive him to the place of the revolt. That, arrived on the Sennaia, he quickly alighted, and, wrapped in his gray coat, and helmed and plumed, stalked through the masses of rebellious thousands (who made an astonished vacillating lane for him to pass) towards the church with the four cupolas, and the dome with the silver stars, that stands to the right hand upper extremity of the Haymarket. That, ascending the marble steps of that fane, he prostrated himself before the image of the saint that stood in the porch; and then suddenly turned round to the gazing masses, and, extending his right hand, cried out, with the full strength of his magnificent voice, "People, on your knees!" That the thousands, as one, knelt down and bowed their foreheads to the dust; that the Czar then pronounced a short allocution to them, bidding them ask pardon for their sins, telling them how wicked they were; how good he was; that, while he was speaking, some cat-like police agents glided in among the people and took, without a shadow of resistance, some hundreds of prisoners, who were noiselessly removed to suffer the Pleidi, or the Battogues, and to be afterwards sent to Siberia;—and that the trick was done. Yet I have heard, in Russia, Russians say that the Czar Nicholas, like Sir Robert Peel—THE Sir Robert Peel, I mean—was so constitutionally timorous, that a spaniel yapping about his heels, or a monkey leaping on to his shoulder, was sufficient to throw him into an agony of terror. To my mind, the artilleryman, who, meeting the Bengal tiger, stooped down and looked at that beast from between his legs, so that the terrible tiger, not knowing what on earth the strange animal gazing at him could be, howled in affright, took to his paws, and enjungled himself in the rattle of a snake's tail, was the only compeer I have heard of, worthy to rank, for real courage and presence of mind, with him who bade the people who had massacred the doctors fall on their knees; and was obeyed.—*Household Words.*

CHINESE CUSTOMS THE ANTIPODES OF ENGLISH.—Instances of striking *contrarieties* in comparison with our own, are amusingly given in the following extract from a work published at Macao:—

"On landing, the first object that attracted my notice was a military mandarin, who wore an *embroidered petticoat*, with a string of *beads* round his neck, and who, besides, carried a *fan*; it was with some dismay I observed him mount on the *right side* of his horse. On my way to the house, my attention was drawn to several old Chinese *standing on stilts*, some of whom had gray beards, and nearly all of them huge goggling spectacles; they were delightedly employed in *flying paper kites*, while a group of boys were gravely looking on, and regarding the innocent occupation of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention.

"Desirous to see the literature of so curious a people, I looked in at a bookstore. The proprietor told me that the language had no alphabet, and I was somewhat astonished, on his opening a Chinese volume, to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the *end of the book*. He read the date of the publication—'The fifth year, tenth month, twenty-third day.' 'We arrange our dates differently,' I observed, and begged that he would speak of their ceremonials. He commenced by saying,—'When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your *left hand*, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious *not to uncover* the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.'"

PUNJAUB BATTERY PREPARING TO ENTER THE DURWANZAL PASS INTO THE KOORUM VALLEY.

FEARFUL PERFORMANCE.

The most curious exhibition at the great Paris circus is what the programme calls "the exercise of dislocation." The journalists try to imitate it by twisting the French language into all sorts of complimentary shapes in describing it.

"Imagine," says one of them, "a slender female, a brunette, with flashing eyes, hollow cheeks, black tresses streaked with bluish tints, of that exotic ugliness which must be a beauty somewhere, far away, under the tent or in the pagoda. She comes dancing and floating in a loose robe with red stripes. She throws herself down on a carpet spread out in the centre of the circus, and lo! she begins her chimerical exercises. She tears herself to pieces; unbones herself; she passes her leg, like a shoulder-belt, over her neck; she undoes, like hooks, the collar-bones of her shoulders, and throws behind her back her arms bent backwards. The strangest of all is the haggard look, inspired, almost prophetical, with which she accomplishes this frightful pantomime. It is not a mountebank at work; it is the convulsive devotee of some extravagant religion celebrating the rites of some cruel god, who delights in seeing his worshippers suffer. Her eyes supplicate, her gestures attest and her lips trace a distressing smile. You are reminded of Indian dancing girls who writhe before idols; of those Almais, stuck through and through with poniards, that you see in Persian miniatures, dancing on their heads before some pensive Shah, squat on piles of cushions, and caressing his braided beard with a hand covered with rings.

"Nor is this all. A glass case is brought forward which would hold a robe carefully folded. She leaps on the edges of the fragile casket, twists, dislocates herself, recommences her gestures and mysterious appeals; then suddenly, you see the body articulated apparently sink down like a tissue of which the tie is unloosened, and fold itself up at the bottom of the box. It is no longer a body, no longer a form, no longer something organic and articulated. It is a packet of limbs loosely, scattered, unboned, between which vegetates a tuft of dead hairs like a handful of seaweed on the spongy segments of a mollusk, (or, as Dr. Holmes says, 'like seaweed round a clam.') You might believe that you see again that mysterious coffer of the Thousand and One Nights, drawn out from the depths of the Tigris by a fisherman, beneath the eyes of Haroun-al-Raschid, and in which the Caliph perceived with horror the body of a young woman, cut in pieces. 'Wretch,' he exclaimed to Giaffer, his faithful Vizier, 'is it thus you watch over the actions of my people and that you let my subjects be thrown into the Tigris, in order that they may cry vengeance against me on the day of judgment? If you do not promptly avenge the death of this woman by the death of her murderer, I swear by the holy name of God that I'll have you hung, you and forty of your relatives!" Then, as quickly as she took herself to pieces, she puts herself together again, rearranges herself, mends herself, and lifts herself up at once entire, like the puppet of a snuff-box with a secret spring. The name of this astonishing *acrobate* is M'me Poulmarche.

THE RUSSIAN KNOUT.—There is scarcely a book of Russian travels you can open—English, French, or German, without a chapter bearing this special heading, The Knout, and in nine cases out of ten the description of the punishment is taken from the old wonderful magazine account of Madame Lapoukhin, who suffered in the reign of the Empress Ann Elizabeth; or from some of the Faubourg St. Denis travels. The Russians use the stick, the whip, and the rod, freely enough, Heaven knows; but the extreme agony of the knout, they are exceedingly chary in having recourse to. There was not one criminal knouted during my stay—at least, in the capitals (for the imminence of the ultimo ratio is always made public a week beforehand, in all the newspapers,) though I daresay some dozens, males and females, were daily beaten, cruelly but not dangerously, in the police-yards. The infliction of the knout in cases of murder (brigands and female criminals, who, the latter, only receive from five to twenty strokes, are allowed to survive) amounting to one hundred and fifty lashes of that terrible instrument, is almost always fatal; indeed I have often heard Russians, whose humane dispositions I have had no reason to doubt, say that the police-surgeons had, generally, instructions not to attempt to cure the criminals after their torture. It is not the actual knout that kills, but the gangrene that supervenes in the neglected wounds. The old traveller's assertion that a skilful executioner can kill his patient with three strokes of the knout, is, if surgical authority be of any value, a pure fable. In any case I am enabled to state my conviction that the Russians knout fewer criminals for capital offences in two years than we hang in one.—*G. A. Sala.*

PARISIAN HISTORY.—A king of France, after a battle in which he was wounded, called his generals to his bedside, to hear what had occurred after he had left the field; and, as no two could agree in any one statement, the king, struck with the difficulty, exclaimed, "What, then, is history?" "Give me my liar," said Charles V., when he called for a volume of history; and certainly no one can attentively examine any one important period of our annals without remarking, that almost every incident admits of two handles, almost every character of two interpretations; and that, by a judicious packing of facts, the historian may make his picture assume nearly what form he pleases, without any direct violation of truth. But history does teem with falsehoods and perversions. Take two instances in the history of England, as now taught in our schools. We are positively told that Joan of Arc was burnt by the English at Rouen in 1481, when it has been incontrovertibly established, by ancient archives of that city, that on the 1st of August, 1439, the council of the city of Rouen made her a gift of 210 livres, "for services rendered by her at the siege of the said city." So that the burning of Joan is a myth, invented by the French to blacken the English character, and transferred to our history as a fact by those authors who too credulously relied on French chroniclers. Again, Richard III. has been held up to universal execration as a crooked backed monster; whereas Stow, who was born forty years after Richard's death, and had conversed with many who had seen the king, declares, "that he could find no such deformity in King Richard III. as his historians commonly relate; on the contrary, he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." In fact, all modern research has proved that Richard was neither that deformed person, nor that monster of cruelty and impiety, which he has been represented by our so-called historians. No character in English history has been more misrepresented, and, could the shade of the last Plantagenet rise from the grave, it would blush to find the name of Richard III. in the same book as those of the Stuarts and George IV. But success often lays the foundation of a good reputation with posterity.

DEXTERITY OF EAST INDIAN THIEVES.—The East Indian thieves are the most expert in the world. The quartermaster sergeant of a regiment, at this station, was a very corpulent and heavy man. One night his house was entered by robbers, who not only cleared it of everything portable that was lying about, but absolutely stole the very bed-clothes from under the fat sergeant himself and his sleeping family, without disturbing one of them. When they awoke in the morning, they were lying on the bare mattresses. This is a common trick with East Indian thieves, and the way in which they manage it is this: The robber, before he enters a house or tent, first skips and anoints himself all over with oil—which is done in order that, in case any person should be awake and seize the intruder, he might be enabled to slip like an eel from his grasp. Thus prepared, he creeps into the dwelling as noiselessly as possible. The nights in India are generally very close and oppressive, and the sleep of most people, although heavy, is uneasy and disturbed. Of this the thief takes advantage. He quietly crouches down close under the bed, and with a feather gently tickles the nose of the sleeper, who, half-dozing, rubs it and turns on his couch. While he is doing this, the sheet on which he is lying is withdrawn a little from under him by the thief. When he is fast asleep again, a second application of the feather causes another turn, and again a little more of the sheet is pulled away. The thief then goes on the other side, and the tickling is continued until the sheet is completely withdrawn from under the unconscious sleeper. The operation takes some time, but is always so nicely managed that there is no case on record of the slumberer being awakened while the robbery was going forward.

POTATOES.—This very useful vegetable came originally from America, but it is uncertain from what part. It has been found growing wild on the mountains of Chili, and recently on the peaks of Mexico; but it was from Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. Its range of cultivation is very great, extending from Iceland to the tropics; it must be remembered, however, that in the latter regions it requires height of position, and flourishes only when about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

☞ A GENTLEMAN.—There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady: "A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

THE DEBATE ON WOMAN'S ORIGINAL RIGHTS.

We are happy to give our readers a Congressional Report of the proceedings as far back as the year One of our respected father Adam—the following being the Debate among the Hon. Angels as to whether Adam should be voted a wife at all, and if so, what should be her allowance of constitutional Rights, privileges, etc., etc. The argument, (as our reporter gives it,) beats about the bush a little, and then comes to the point, thus:—

* * "Still a void
Rested within the soul of Eden's lord.
Longings there came, for something still more fair—
He knew not what!

"The great Creator saw
And felt his loneliness; and, to His hand
Of mighty counsellors, who ever knelt
In adoration, round His mightier throne,
He turned and spake: 'The being whom We formed
In our own image, lonely walks the earth.
The soul within him finds no counterpart.
What We shall make to fill this aching void,
We leave to you.'

"The Angels listened. Then
A voice broke on the stillness:—'Make, oh, God!
A being like to him whom Thou hast formed—
But weaker far in body; and in that
Diviner essence which pervades the soul,
And likens man to *Thee*. To Adam give
This new-formed being, and let him control
Her every thought and feeling.'

"The voice was hushed,
And tones, like music, soft and pitying, came
Upon the ear divine. 'Twas Mercy spake:—
'Not so, oh! mighty One! not so, we pray!
Give not to man such power! His ruthless hand,
In some dark hour of passion, might destroy
The being Thou hadst made. *Oh, is't not best*
To make her beautiful? Let Nature lend
Her choicest gems, to deck "this last best gift!"
Let snows be gathered from the mountain's top
To give their whiteness to her gentle brow!
And let the blush, that mantles o'er her cheek,
Be captive stolen from the sunset's glow!
Let her pure soul look forth from eyes that once
Were stars in the bright firmament of Heaven!
Make her fair beautiful—that man may bow
His strength before her weakness, and forget,
In her bright presence, all his loneliness!'
'Not so! not so!' burst from a hundred lips,
'Make her not thus! for man will, at her shrine,
Kneel, and forget, oh, God! to kneel to Thee!'
Then Wisdom spake:—

"'My brothers, though ye seem
To widely differ, still I do approve
Of all that ye have said; for if to me
'Twere given this new being to create,
I, too, would make her weak—though not in soul.
That should be strong, with courage to endure,
Calmly and silently, the thousand ills
That through all coming time will be her lot.
And I would make her fair—more beautiful
Than aught of earth—and if man, in his strength,
Should lift his hand against the weaker one,
This beauty like a shield should guard her round.
And, to this being fair, I'd give a soul
So soft and pure, that, coming last from Heaven,
It last should keep the impress of its birth.
And when man, won by all this loveliness,
Shall kneel a willing captive at *her* shrine,
Be hers the hand, to her the power be given,
To lead his erring thoughts from earth to Heaven.'
'Tis well! 'tis well!' burst from the heavenly throng.
'Thus make her, oh, Jehovah! and, though Sin—
Which, with prophetic eyes, we see will come
To cast its blight o'er Eden's occupants—
Will dim her beauty, yet she'll ever be
A golden link, to bind the world to *Thee*.'"

HEAVY BET BY AN OLD VIRGINIAN.—Of Col. Byrd the anecdote is told, that, when quite a young man, at a club-house in London, he met the Duke of Bolton, whose offer to bet £10,000 on a card, not being taken up by the noblemen and others of his set, was modestly accepted by Mr. Byrd. The cards were turned, and Mr. Byrd was the winner. Not a word was said, and the play went on till the adjournment to supper. After which the Duke approached the Virginian with the remark:

"I owe you, sir, £10,000, but, as you are a stranger to me, I must inform you of a rule here, that we must know the winner is able to pay in case of his loss."

"A very proper rule," replied Mr. Byrd, "and I will refer your Grace to my banker." He handed the note for him to the Duke, with the simple inquiry, "Would you honor my check in favor of the Duke of Bolton for £10,000?"

The banker promptly replied, "Not only for £10,000, but for ten times the amount."

The Duke, of course, paid the money, and it is said Mr. Byrd shortly thereafter left England for a tour on the Continent, and never again touched a card while in Europe.

ORIGIN OF CHIT-CHAT.—Naturally women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us, in his Hebrew Lexicon, that the primeval name, Eve, is derived from a root signifying Talk; and it was, perhaps, from a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition, that twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbors to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with, of which twelve, Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.—*Elizabeth Strutt.*

TRANSPORTING ARTILLERY ON ELEPHANTS.

An English officer, connected with the English troops acting against Persia, writes as follows to a London paper:—

CAMP THULL, Muranzaie Valley, Nov. 30, 1856.

I send you two sketches, which represent the mode of transporting field Artillery over the mountain passes on the Punjaub frontier. The views were taken during the late expedition into the Koorum Valley, commanded by Brigadier Chamberlain, and as the troops were about to enter the Durwanzah (door) Pass.

The gun—a 9 pounder, or 24-pounder howitzer—is carried on one elephant, the carriage on a second, and a third carries the ammunition. A gun can be dismounted and packed on an elephant in this manner in ten minutes; and can be unpacked and prepared for action in less than that time.

This expedition has been so far useful, that nothing was before known of the country except from native information: now a most valuable survey has been made by Lieut. Garnett, of the Engineers, and Lieut. Lumsden of the Quartermaster General's Depot; while the Koorum Valley may now be considered the high road between India and Cabul, being much more practicable in every point of view than through the Khybur Pass.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have, on a previous occasion, noticed the fact, that white satin is recovering fashionable favor for evening dresses. A few years ago, nothing was deemed more elegant for ball or evening costume than a robe of plain white satin; but that material was gradually discarded by fickle Fashion, until at length it became quite *passé de mode*. But the same love of change which for a time banished white satin dresses, has now led to their revival, and at present they are in high favor in Paris.

A dress of white satin has recently been made in the Louis XVI. style. It has a broad flounce, covered by a fall of blonde, figured in small gold and pearl beads. Over the upper part of the jupe there is a tunic, formed of twelve rows of blonde, having a vandyked edge, along which there runs a row of pearls. The tunic is gathered up in festoons, which are fastened by agraffes of pearls and gold. Over the corsage there are three folds of tulle, terminating in a point at the back of the waist, and finishing the top of the corsage in front, which is cut rather square. Below this drapery there is a fringe of white marabout, and a fall of blonde edged with pearls. The *coiffure* destined to be worn with this dress consists of a profusion of pearls and diamonds.

A dress of Azof green satin has been trimmed with Alencon lace in a very novel and peculiar style. The lace forms three broad flounces, set on spirally round the skirt. The lace commences at the upper part of the skirt on the left side, where the end is gathered up under a bouquet of Parma violets. A corresponding bouquet is fixed at the edge of the skirt on the right side, where the spiral flounce terminates. The corsage is ornamented with Alencon lace, and bouquets of Parma violets.

At a recent presentation at the Tuileries, the dress worn by the Empress excited general admiration. It consisted of a robe of white tulle over white satin. The tulle robe was flounced—the flounces edged by folds of satin—and upon them, at intervals, were placed branches of coral. The court train was of scarlet velvet, lined and edged with ermine. Her Majesty's head dress was a tiara of splendid diamonds.—The Empress's train was borne by the Duchesses of Bassano and Essling.

On the same occasion, the Princess Mathilde wore a robe of white tulle, scattered over with gold stars, with a train of cloth of gold.

Mrs. Baring appeared in a dress of Brussels lace over white glace, and a train of rich moire antique, the color bright Azof green. The train was festooned by bouquets of lilac rhododendrum, intermingled with diamonds.—*London Lady's Paper of Feb. 28.*

SACRED NAMES.—There are some names which men have not dared to pronounce. Among these was "Valentia," the sacred and peculiar name of what was commonly called "Rome." Valerius Soranus, who believed in no God but the soul of the Universe, was put to death by Julius Cæsar for betraying the sacred name of Rome (Valentia,)—"*cujus alterum nomen dicere secretis ceremoniarum nefas habetur.*" The Romans thought that, if their enemies knew the secret name of their city, they might conjure from it the *Penates*, who would not move but by a right name. The other name that may not be pronounced, is the *proper* name of the Emperor of China. Neither during nor after lifetime may this name be uttered; for the Emperors are, as it were, consecrated by a surname; and by that surname are received into the burial-place of their ancestors and called in history; but in their lifetime they choose a name by which they may be called; and thus, then, the only effable name serves also for an epoch, by which the evils of the reign are dated. Much confusion has been caused by some Emperors altering their epochal names. "One," says a writer, in the seventh volume of Philosophical Transactions, from whom we quote, "who reigned 64 years, assumed no fewer than eleven."

NEW VERSION OF NATHAN AND DAVID.—It is a well known fact in the experience of all legal advocates, that there is generally a point in the examination of a witness beyond which it is dangerous to proceed. The truth of the remark was proved in the Huddersfield Guildhall on Saturday. A solicitor had undertaken the unusual charge of defending a "drunken and disorderly case," when, pressing the policeman somewhat hard, the official stated that he remembered the time of the alleged charge, "because he was taking a very respectable gentleman home in a state of intoxication." The policeman's memory still being further goaded, he added, "Why, the very respectable man I was taking home was you YOURSELF.—*English paper.*

THE SHARPSHOOTER OF THE SEA.—The little fish (*Chelmon rostratus*) frequents the shores and sides of the sea and rivers in search of food; when it spies a fly sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of four, five, or six feet, and then, with surprising dexterity, it ejects out of its tubular mouth a single drop of water, which never fails striking the fly into the sea, when it soon becomes its prey.—*P. H. Gosse.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB COURTSHIP OF HARRY MARTINSON.

BY HOLME LEE.

Mr. Harry Martinson, the high-art painter, was a son of o'd Betty Martinson, at the toll-gate on the north road, about a mile and a half from Milverton. He was a school-fellow and bosom-friend of my Cousin Davie; they sympathised with each other profoundly, for both were *geniuses* in their way, both were misunderstood individuals, and both lacked encouragement in their vocations. Harry Martinson interested some benevolent character by the early exhibition of artistic taste in defacing h's mother's tables and whitewashed walls with sketches, and was provided with a small allowance to enable him to pursue his studies under a painter in London. We heard great reports of his wonderful genius, and such prophecies of future success, that Milverton began to think that it had produced a second Michael Angelo. Miss Fernley, Mr. Riversdale, and Sir Bertram Sinclair, each gave him a commission for a picture; and the three, when completed, were exhibited in the town-hall. We all flocked to see them. I proceed to a description.

The first, intended to be presented as an altar-piece to the new church by Miss Fernley, represented a great council held by King Ahasuerus and his nobles to advise upon the means of counteracting the evil example of conjugal disobedience set by Queen Vashti. Much care had been bestowed on the composition of this piece—the subject had never been treated before; but the results were more ludicrous than grand. The second work, destined for the hall of Riversdale Manor, was a still more extraordinary production. It represented the Judgment of Solomon, and the brilliance of the flesh tints was marvellous. This was not, perhaps, unnatural in the disputed baby, which was being held up by one foot, and violently objecting to such treatment; but why should the king, the courtiers, and the witnesses, all look flushed, as if in a high state of vinous excitement? Why should so many of the figures be deformed or foreshortened into impossible attitudes? Why, finally, should the king have a painful obliquity of vision, and everybody such a paucity of clothing? The third perpetration was a martyrdom. In the centre it exhibited a hideous old man chained to a post; a horrible wretch in the foreground was dragging forward a purple and reluctant damsel, into whose hand he had thrust a torch for the purpose, apparently, of making her set fire to the pile. I had the nightmare after seeing that picture. Sir Bertram presented it to the Mechanics' Institute, where it now hangs, covering half one side of the lecture-room. There is talk of having a green curtain before it. We tried to say the artist was young, and would improve; but he saw no evidence of a Milverston Buonarotti in his present efforts. Perhaps what now aggravated those interested in him was, that he should persist in daubing atrocities over acres of canvas, when he could really paint delicious little pictures of a less ambitious order. I have seen exquisite bits of his out-door secenery; his brooks seem to flow, his shadows of trees to waver in the air-currents; woody nooks, where you might almost fancy you feel the sultry summer heat, have come from his easel; quaint village churches and old halls, mossed and gray with antiquity, are the fruits of his saner hours. Children in hobnailed shoes, rustic women, and picturesque street-figures, he can render to the life; but when his inspirations ran mad, he paints high-art subjects, such as I have described, for *fame*; it is by the others, and by portraits, that he lives, and supports his poor paralysed mother. He is a most excellent son. But this is not telling about his courtship.

Harry was perpetually falling in love; he was out of one passion and into another as quickly as some luckless mortals who appear to extricate themselves from one bad dilemma for the sole purpose of being free to fall into a worse. Good resolutions were of no avail; Harry *could not* resist the temptation of a bright eye or a neat foot. Then he made confidants of all his acquaintance, who occasionally supplanted him; but losing a flame now and then was of less consequence, for he could always supply her place in a day or two; there surely never was a man before or since who met with so many goddesses in omnibuses, divinities in steamboats, or lovely maidens in his suburban walks, as did the susceptible Harry. At one season, however, it happened that for a whole fortnight he had no fair damsel to dream or rave about; he had undergone a severe disappointment, and his disconsolate state was deplorable. He spent half his days in fidgeting about from place to place in search of adventures. Davie, missing him for eight-and forty consecutive hours, and feeling alarmed, went to look after him. He found him singing and working away at a great picture of Herodias's Daughter with the Charger, in a gleeful frame of mind. A lady love had been found, and one, too, the pursuit of whom promised to be environed with more difficulty and romance than had ever before attended an affair of the kind. Harry described her as possessing every personal grace, but unhappily he did not yet know her name, and had not been able to speak to her; he was, however, devotedly attached.

"And where does she live?" asked Davie, constrained through ignorance to represent the new divinity by a personal pronoun.

"In the opposite house; but she only lodges there, I fancy, with her mother and sisters; they arrived yesterday morning. I wish she would come to the window, and then you would see her. She's a beautiful girl, Cleverboots; and I'll tell you how it happened. I have seen her for a week past in the street. I followed her once, and admired her walk—she is a Juno for height—then I caught a glimpse of a pair of flashing black eyes and some long ringlets; you know my taste—large Roman-looking women?"

"Yes; go on, what next?"

"Well, yesterday morning an omnibus drove up to the house across the way, and deposited a cargo of luggage, my inamorata, and three other ladies. I watched the windows all day, and saw them moving about in the drawing-room. Once she came forward to pull down the blind, but when she saw me she bashfully retired; I could have sworn I saw her blush."

"And is that all?"

"No; listen. This morning I was at my post of observation, when she came to look out into the street: our eyes met; she smiled. Oh, Cleverboots, her face looked radiant as the east when the sun is rising! I ventured to bow, and she returned it—such frankness, such courtesy!"

"Remarkably quick work. Is there any more?"

"You are so impatient, Cleverboots. Can't you let a man tell his tale in his own way?"

"Oh, certainly; there is no hurry. Get on, Harry."

"At noon she brought her easel to the window for more light, and I could distinguish flowers that she was painting—a fellow-feeling for art, you see; and I very cautiously ventured on a sentence in the dumb alphabet. She responded gracefully; indeed, she seems as much an adept in it as myself. We held a conversation for a few minutes, and I asked permission to call upon her."

"And was it granted?"

"Yes; and for this very evening at eight o'clock. There's encouragement, Cleverboots?"

"You are to be envied, Harry. She is not uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

"No, that's the cream of it. There is far more satisfaction in a woman of beauty and experience than in a little missish thing just released from back-boards and bread-and-butter."

While Davie was with his friend, the lady in the opposite house came to the window, hung up a bird cage, and arranged some flowers in a basket. Harry commended her elegant and feminine tastes, while Davie scrutinised her claims to beauty with the eye of a poet. He saw a tall amply developed woman in chintz barege, whose full, rosy face had the charms of maturity—say seven-and-thirty—rather than the modest bloom of maidenhood and youth. He was not rapturous in his praises, and Harry seemed rather huffed. He was twenty-two, and very fiery in temper; but Davie could trust him; for, if susceptible, Harry was fickle also.

Still the affair waxed serious. In a few days Davie learnt from his friend that he paid daily visits to the lady of his affections, and that he had been introduced to her mother and sisters—all charming women. The lady's name was Hannah; she played and sang, and her domestic virtues surpassed her personal fascinations.

The next news was, that she was not a portionless damsel, and that Harry had proposed and been accepted. Hannah's family did not approve of long engagements, and the marriage was to take place within a fortnight.

Harry had no relatives to interfere, and the important day approached. Davie fancied that the happy man's elation diminished as his brief bachelorhood drew to a close; and that if a way had offered, he would have been glad to elude the bonds preparing for him. At last, unable to restrain his pent feelings in his bosom, Harry confessed his fears.

"I am going to marry four women instead of one, Cleverboots!" he began, with a lamentable effort at being jocular. "The mother and sisters are to live with us. I cannot endure a mother-in-law. And—and, Davie, yesterday I saw a suspicious little boy about ten years old; I could be certain I heard him call Hannah 'ma' as I went in; but she laughed it off. I cannot find out either where her money is lodged. Altogether I don't like the look of things. That boy is as like Hannah as one pin is like another. What shall I do?"

This was a delicate case to advise on, and Davie was mute.

"I'll catch the influenza, and go to bed, and stay there till the boy is accounted for. The day must be put off; manage it for a poor fellow, Cleverboots."

Davie did not relish his office, but he undertook to break the ice; and Harry kept his bed ten days, his friends relieving guard over him, lest any of the family from over the way should come in. During the interval the school holidays began, and more suspicious little boys came to light—five in all. Hannah, the blithe and buxom, was an Irish widow, and these were her promising offspring. One of them, stimulated by elecampane, pointed out his mother to Davie, who instantly went and harrowed up the feelings of his imprisoned friend, by a relation of the facts the boy had told.—Harry groaned; so extensive a family was an undertaking even his love for the mother could not cover. He furnished Davie with powers to the extent of a fifty-pound bank-note to negotiate a truce and a separation of interests. But Hannah wept, scolded, threatened; she had letters and verses sent her two or three times a day by the recusant which would support her cause in any court of law in the kingdom, and he should learn that a weak, unprotected woman was not to be trifled with and trodden upon with impunity. Davie brought all the battery of his eloquence to bear upon the family now collected in deadly array against him; but they had taken their stand on the law, and were not to be moved. He asked, would twenty pounds compromise the matter? The mother said no. Would twenty-five? Hannah grew less hysterical and listened. It was *love*, not *money*, she said, and gasped. David saw he had gained an advantage, and with a bold stroke of diplomacy, said that if twenty-five pounds would be acceptable, his friend would pay it; but that deception had been practiced on his confiding and magnanimous heart, and to that a just law would look. The woman instantly closed with the bargain; and, in returning the balance to Harry, Davie told him he considered that he had got off remarkably cheap. The influenza was cured that very moment.

Harry Martinson lived a bachelor until forty-five, when he married a pretty girl "just emancipated from the back-boards and bread-and-butter," and he never showed better taste than in making that selection.

Object of Salt in the Sea.—An interesting paper on the object of sea water being salt, has been published by Prof. Chapman, of Toronto, Canada. After giving his objections to the usually received opinions, Prof. C. urges the theory that the object is to regulate evaporation. If any temporary cause render the amount of saline matter in the sea above its normal value, evaporation goes on more and more slowly. If this value be depreciated by the addition of fresh water in undue excess, the evaporating power is the more and more increased. Prof. C. gives the results of various experiments in reference to evaporation on weighed quantities of ordinary rain water, and water holding in solution 2.6 per cent. of salt. The excess of loss of the rain water compared with the salt solution, was, for the first twenty-four hours, 0.64 per cent.; at the close of forty-eight hours, 1.04 per cent.; after seventy-two hours, 1.46 per cent.; and so on in increasing ratio.

☞ Newspaper editors seem to have constitutions closely similar to those of the deities in "Walhalla," who cut each other to pieces every day, and yet got up perfectly sound and fresh every morning.

THE HUNGER CURE.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Post:—Seeing in your paper of week before last a notice of the hunger cure as introduced by Dr. Kittredge, has recalled an incident of my youth corroborative of the doctor's views.

I was seized at about the age of nineteen with a violent sore throat, which threatened serious consequences. My physician ordered me at once to bed with instructions to eat and drink as little as possible.

Induced partly by the difficulty of swallowing, and partly by the doctor's serious and positive manner, I resolved upon a total fast until the disease subsided, and to this I adhered for over two weeks.

I was ten days in this condition before the disease abated, and five or six more before I was restored to health. But such health! Although thirty years have elapsed since the event took place, the recollection of the buoyant enjoyment which followed my recovery still haunts my memory like a vision of paradise. It more than realized the poet's description of that happy state,

"When simply but to be,
To live, to breathe, was purest ecstasy."

In fact my sensations were like those described in the Opium Eater:—

"Here were the hopes that blossomed in the path of life reconciled with the peace that is in the grave; motion of the intellect, as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms, infinite activity, infinite repose; and this blissful state continued for more than a month, gradually fading away, as I presume, under the usual round of three hearty meals per day, into the accustomed state of animal existence in which too many of us are content to pass our days."

I have often since then longed to recover and perpetuate, if possible, the wonderful life which that regimen developed within me, but lacked the courage as well as the leisure to undertake it.

We read much of the efficacy of fasting and prayer in the Scripture, but no one that I know of, has ever given the subject a proper investigation. Doubtless if it could be stripped of superstition, and subjected to a rigid scientific examination, much light might be thrown on the effect of sensual indulgence in paralyzing our sentient powers, and much good to mankind developed by the investigation.

Germantown. S. W. M.

Wonderful Discovery Respecting Children.—The subject of the costume of the ancient Britons has often been discussed; it has been asserted that they were naked. Those who opposed that view adduced as reasons the coldness and variable nature of the climate. The question has been set at rest by an experiment which has recently been made on a child at St. Anne's, Barney, near Cork, Ireland. The child is fourteen months old, and is the son of Mr. ———, who determined to ascertain what the human frame would bear. The child is perfectly naked night and day; he sleeps without any covering, in a room with the thermometer at thirty-eight degrees; from this he goes into a bath at one hundred and eighteen degrees; he sometimes goes to sleep in the bath; *he is perfectly indifferent to heat or cold*; is lively, active, cheerful, and intelligent; his appearance constantly reminds the observer of the best efforts of our best painters and sculptors. Therein is the "beau-ideal;" he is the reality. His simple, graceful, natural, easy and ever-varying postures are charming. He arrests the attention and commands the admiration of all who see him. The peculiar character of his skin is very striking; it is exquisitely healthy and beautiful. It may be compared to the rays of the sun streaming through a painted window. During the progress of the experiment he has cut three teeth without manifesting any of the disagreeable symptoms usual to children in that condition. He appears to be quite insensible to pain. Occasionally he has an ugly fall, but not a sound escapes from his lips. His manners, demeanor, and general behavior are equally striking. His mode of saluting a person is to take the hand in a graceful manner and kiss it. He is under the complete control of his father, and is perfectly quiet during meals, and also whenever he is told to be so. He goes about all day, amusing and occupying himself in a quiet way. No one accustomed to children would know there was a child in the house. So incredible are these results, that some of the residents at St. Anne's regard the whole matter with mingled feelings of horror, amazement, and wonder. Those who have made a careful observation for themselves, and prefer the evidence of their eyes rather than their ears, see nothing but to admire and respect. No doubt, some of them would even go so far as to repeat the experiment on their own children, were it not for fear of that terrible question, "what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

A Man With a Snake in his Hat.—Dr. Dixon, in his New York *Monthly Scalpel*, states that a gentleman of the highest veracity related to him the following Snake story:—

"Going into an ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman who took the seat opposite to him took off his hat; he turned his head as nearly upside down as possible, without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over the inside of his hat, he again turned it, and received its contents, concealed in a pocket handkerchief, on his hand; then gently laying the back of his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and the contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly attracted towards the hat; and his surprise greatly increased, the reader may imagine, on observing the head of a sizeable snake thrust out, and looking sharply about him. The gentleman, perceiving the discovery, addressed him:—

"'My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoy any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain; he is perfect harmless; only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for rheumatism; I have done so for a few weeks and I am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him; the memory of my suffering is too vivid; all I care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for my annoyance—you have my story; it is true. I am thankful to the informer for my cure; and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner disgusted.'"

AN EPICUREAN STEAK.

A ferocious epicure writes to the English National Magazine, the following dilettante dissertation on the cooking of beefsteaks:

But how do you cook your steaks, eh?—"There's the rub." Broil them? Good. Fry them? No, no. If you want to convert tender ox-flesh into leather, use the pan, and a slow fire, and the experiment will be sure to succeed; but adopt my plan, and my head for it, you will eat nothing but steaks for the next three months.

Well, then, fry it; but not in the vulgar way, with just a bit of fat to keep it simmering. A steak fried in the ordinary way ought to be carefully dished, trimmed up with parsley, and then—consigned to the dust-hole. But I'll tell you how to fry a steak; and I do so tremblingly, for it is so grand, so original a recipe, that I think, if I were brisk enough, I might get a million francs for it from the society of gourmands; and now, if I "let the delicious secret out," my prospective million will be lost forever.

Have your steak cut in one large slice from the middle of the rump; thickness, *one inch*; superficial measurement, seventy square inches; weight, about one and a-quarter pounds. See that it has a nice rim of yellowish bark—that is, fat—along the outer side; and if it is not really handsome, call a poor woman and make it a present to her for her hungry ones, and liberally pay for another for yourself. Take it home yourself, and from that moment let no hand but your own touch it. Even obtrusive eyes should be "kept off;" for my plan of cooking it is not to be hackneyed and vulgarized. Hunt up all the pickle-jars, and take from each kind of pickle a little of the vinegar, say a teacupful each of onion, cauliflower, cabbage, and French-bean pickle—home-made, of course, and with plenty of spicy flavors. Lay the steak in a deep dish, and pour over it the whole of the vinegar. Let it lie an hour. Then take a clean frying-pan, throw in three ounces of butter, and pour into it some of the vinegar from the dish, sufficient just *to stew* the steak in the refreshing compound. Lay the steak in it; let it stew; turn it as judgment dictates; and if you manage it right as to the quantity of liquor, it will, when done, be found imbedded in a thickened gravy formed of its own juicy essences and the dried-up pickle. Put the steak into a *very hot* dish before the fire, and into the pan throw an ounce more butter, one chopped-up clove of garlic, and two tablespoonfuls of catsup, and a spoonful of raw mustard. Fry up the gravy, butter, catsup, &c., in the pan till it boils, and pour it over the steak; and presto! the whole house will be fragrant with a dish that, in the words of puffing traders, "needs only one trial," &c. Only one trial, ha, ha!

An Important Discovery.—Dr. William Humboldt has written an article upon the discovery of a means to prevent Yellow Fever. In Central America there is a little reptile of undetermined species, which frequently bites people in the feet. The bite is exceedingly dangerous; but persons bitten are in future protected against the infection of Yellow Fever. The undiluted poison of the little reptile being too dangerous to be used for artificial inoculation, the writer of the memoir hits upon the following ingenious expedient: He provokes one of the reptiles to bite a piece of liver, which serves as a receptacle for the poison; and with the lancet dipped in the liver, he inoculates his patients. The virus takes effect in twelve hours, and the patient is well in about six days, after which he will be as little liable to attack from Yellow Fever as persons who have been vaccinated from small-pox. The greater number of persons thus inoculated are not attacked; the majority of those who are attacked, experience the disease in a mild form; and finally, of the small portion who are attacked, and suffer from the disease in its most virulent character, only about one-fourth of the number will die. Out of 2,477 inoculations, only 288, or ten per cent., have had the Yellow Fever at all; 68, or two per cent., have died; 2,247, or ninety per cent., have been preserved.

Patrick Henry Interrogated.—As germain to the subject of Duels, we recollect hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Gov. Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"Sir:—I understand that you have called me a "bob tail" politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning?

"Wm. B. Giles."

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise:

"Sir:—I do not recollect having called you a bob tail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

"Very respectfully,

"Patrick Henry."

—*Wilmington Herald.*

☞ The term crinoline is derived from the Latin word *crinis*, which means the hair of the head. This word in the French language becomes *crin*, and is generally applied to horse-hair. In colloquial Latin, or the Latin of the Lower Empire, *crinis* might naturally pass into the diminutive *crinola*, and from this we easily form the term crinoline, to signify a fabric woven of hair—a finer and more dainty tissue than the common haircloth called by the French *cilice*.

Miss Lane.—This lady, the niece of President Buchanan, who is accredited as the controlling force in the internal arrangement of the White House, is rather below the medium height, but has a fine figure, and is of that blonde Saxon type of beauty so familiar to Christendom since the multiplications of Queen Victoria. She wore at the inaugural ball a white dress trimmed with artificial flowers, similar to those which ornamented her hair, and clasping her throat was a necklace of many strands of seed pearls.

Death of the President's Nephew.—While the President was receiving company on the morning of the 26th ult., he received a telegraphic despatch announcing the death of his nephew, a brother to Miss Lane. Further ceremonies were suspended, and no public business transacted at the White House on that day. Mr. Lane appears to have died of the recent prevalent disease at the National Hotel, at which house he had been a boarder.

The Accident at Toronto.—The inquest in reference to the dreadful slaughter upon the Hamilton Railway, discloses a most reckless management on the part of the Company, who suffered the fatal bridge to continue in a condition wholly unfit for the important uses to which it was daily subject. The Government has taken prompt action in the matter, and will do all in its power to bring the culpable parties to punishment.

Self-Preservation is the First Law of Nature.—A novel company has been created in London, under the title of the "London Non-Adulterated Food Company." The celebrated analyist Dr. Letheby, is in connection with it. The enormous and scandalous extent to which foods, drinks and drugs in the country are adulterated, and the recent exposures made by the commission appointed by the proprietor of the Medical Journal, the Lancet, make the establishment of such a company a boon, if not a necessity; and there seems to be but little doubt but that it will pay well. The capital will be $500,000, in 5,000 shares of $100 each. The profits are estimated at 15 per cent., although shareholders will have the privilege of purchasing goods at wholesale price. The acting directors are men of sound standing; and, altogether, the scheme seems well conceived and respectably supported. Something of the kind would not be amiss here.

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" "	'82	110 —	" preferred	44¾	50
" "	'67	116 —	Minehill	63	64
" "	'68	116 —	Har & Lan	64½	65
" "	'69	116 —	Chester Valley	6½	8
Phila 6 pr ct		95	Elmira	13	—
" " new		95	" preferred	23	—
" "		—	P W & Balt	74½	75
Cam City 6 pr ct		90	Long Island	13	13½
Phila 6 pr ct		74	Wilmport & Elmira	20	21
" coupon		74½	Catawissa	11½	12
Allegh city 5 pr ct		65	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" coupon		64½	Shuyl Nav	7½	8
Alle co RR 6's		65	" preferred	15½	16
Penn		85	Lehigh Nav	76½	77
" 5 "		85	Morris	100	101
" " coupon		80	" preferred	94	95
Penn 6 pr ct		90½	C & Del	—	70
" 5 " coupon		77	Union	120	124
Kentucky 6 pr ct		101½	Sus & Tidewater	8½	9
Penn RR 6 pr ct		90½	**BANK STOCKS.**		
2d m'rt bon '83		89	North Amer	155	155½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct		86	Penna	111	112
P G & N RR "		90	Philada	122½	123½
Reading RR "		61	Far & Mec	85	86
" " m'rt		84	Commercial	71	73
R & Lan RR "		90	N Liberty	59	60
P & E RR "		70	Mech Bank	29½	30
Cha Val RR "		30½	Southwark	80	83
Tioga RR "		80	N Township	29½	30
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct		86½	Kensington	69	75
Leac I RR "		60	Girard	114	115
Sch Nav '82 "		64½	Western	—	60
Lehigh Nav "		91½	Manf & Mech	21½	21½
Mort "		92	Tradesman's	67	—
C & D C "		70	City	127	84
Sus & Tid '73"		89	Consolidation	20½	20½
Union Canal		65½	Pittsburg	60	—
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mort 7 ₰ ct		75	M & M Pitts	51	—
" 7 ₰ ct		67	Ex'ge Pitts	40	—
Catawissa "		56	Kentucky	114½	115
North Penna 6 pr ct		60	Northern, Ky	120	122½
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky	110	112
Cam & Amboy	127½	128	Farmers, Ky	112	113
Penna	48½	49½	Union, Nash Tenn	100	—
Hen Meadow	35½	35½	Plant's, Tenn	100	—
North Penna	13	13½	Com & R Vick	4	4½
			N O Gas Lt	120	—

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NEWS ITEMS.

SPANISH QUARTERS AT PAR.—A clergyman recently stated that a collection a short time previously in his parish had resulted in the sum of thirty-five dollars, all in Spanish quarters. Whether the ones who placed them in the box passed them off in this way at par value or not did not appear.

MR. MARCY UPON ROTATION IN OFFICE.—A story is told of Mr. Marcy (says the Warrenton Flag), to the effect that as ex-Secretaries Guthrie and Marcy were returning from a dinner party since the 4th, the conversation turned upon the subject of rotation in office, and Mr. G. asked Mr. M. what he thought of the policy. Mr. Marcy replied that he "Had got the credit of originating the doctrine 'to the victors belong the spoils,' but heaven forbid that he should ever countenance the pillaging of our own camp."

SPIRITUALISTS BEATEN BY THE HEATHEN.—A correspondent of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal calls attention to the fact that the heathen of Western Africa are in advance of our spiritualists in one particular, for they not only have mediums between the living and the dead, *but they have mediums who communicate with the spirits of children who are not old enough to talk*; so that by these mediums parents are made to know what the child is crying for, what are its wants, and what are its ailments.

LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA.—A physician of Kent, Indiana, was recently taken from his bed at midnight, tied to a tree and very severely whipped, because, it was alleged, he was too attentive to young ladies, to the neglect of his wife.

INAUGURATION OF A STATUE.—The statue of General Warren will be inaugurated in Boston, Mass., on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle in which he fell.

AT a collection in aid of Kansas, recently taken up in an Episcopal church, in Brookline, Mass., one individual—name not given—put into the box a roll of notes amounting to $2,640.

THE Legislature of Rhode Island has refused to repeal the act abolishing capital punishment, which has been in operation for seven years in that State. The House, by a vote of 38 to 20, resolved that "Every person who shall commit murder shall be imprisoned for life;" and by a vote of 48 to 10, refused to declare that murder committed by a convict in the State prison shall be punished with death.

DR. WILLIAM YATES, who introduced vaccination into the United States, died on the 7th ultimo, at Morris, New York, at the age of 90 years.

PROF. WAHLBERG, the Swedish naturalist, who for some time past has been travelling in the interior of South Africa, has been killed by an elephant while hunting to the north-east of Lake Ngami. It appears that having proceeded single handed and on foot to attack a bull-elephant, he had scarcely time to raise his gun to his shoulder ere he was hurled to the ground and pinioned between the tusks of the enraged animal. His rifle was discovered broken short off at the stock, and the body was so fearfully mutilated as to be scarcely recognisable. The Damaras who accompanied Mr. Wahlberg carefully collected and buried the remains.

REQUISITES FOR RENTING A HOUSE.—The following is from a morning cotemporary:

"To Rent—To a small, respectable, pious family, without children, a three-story house."

THE advantages of near sightedness were displayed lately in New Orleans. A duel was to be arranged, when it was discovered that the challenged party couldn't see at the usual distance for duellists. The challenger thereupon named pistols *at two paces*—so as to take no unfair advantage. The other man's second declared these terms to be such as no gentleman would accept, and there was very nearly a duel No. 2 between challenger and challenged's second. The upshot of it was that the near-sighted man saved his bacon.

THE GARROTE COTILLION.—This is the name of a new cotillion which is practiced in this city. The ladies swing corners. Having done this, the gent'lemen place their arms around their necks, and kiss them on the left cheek. Young ladies screech, and fall into young gentlemen's arms. Gentlemen seize young women around the waist, and waltz to their seats. If we are not much mistaken, the garrote cotillion will become a very popular institution. The world moves.—*Albany Times.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Miles Greenwood went to Cincinnati a poor young man, and started a blacksmithery on the outskirts of the city. He now employs 450 men, pays $3,500 for wages, affords support to 1,200 persons and turns out $800,000 worth of work annually.—Last week he gave a grand feast to his people, to celebrate the quarter century.

SUGAR GOING UP.—The New Orleans Picayune says:—"Our intelligence from all sources, public and private, is very unfavorable to the growing sugar crop of Cuba. Some say the crop in many districts will show a deficit of one-third; others of one-half, while all agree that the whole crop will not exceed that of last year, which has fallen short, as anticipated, about 100,000 boxes of that of 1855."

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—In consequence of a defective rail, the East Liberty Accommodation train on the Pennsylvania railroad, plunged the track at Denny's Station, near Pittsburg. The locomotive went over an embankment of thirty feet turned over and exploded with a great noise. Strange to say, no one of the hundred passengers on the train was injured seriously, except a young man named Valentine, an employee of the road, who had one leg badly shattered.

JOHN W. LAYMAN, of New York, the crazy spiritualist who murdered Cornelius Cannon, has been found insane by a jury, and committed to the Lunatic Asylum.

GOOD SAILING.—Of one hundred and thirty vessels, which have been sent direct to Liberia by the Colonization Society since 1820, all have arrived safe, without having to make a claim on the insurance offices for damage. This shows a general smooth sea and safe navigation between the United States and Liberia.—*N. Y. Com.*

THE circumstances brought to light at the trial of Verger, concerning the hopeless condition of interdicted priests, has produced such an impression upon the French Government that a scheme for establishing asylums for them in every department of France, is under serious consideration.

SEVERAL applications have been made for the construction of a wagon road to the Pacific, authorised by the Act of the late Congress; but the Secretary of the Interior has taken no action in the premises.

OZONE.—The ozone observations which were carried some time since in Great Britain, and which have been accurately kept by numerous observers in all parts of the kingdom, have not led to any deductions of value to science. It is a curious fact, however, that in large towns, as London and Manchester, no ozone is developed.

SAUCIES OF THE LAW.—In the Worcester (Mass.) Court of Common Pleas, a few days ago, Mr. Dudley sued Mr. Tift to recover $1.25, price of a pair of boots. Judgment was given for the plaintiff, who recovered his $1,25, but had to pay his lawyer, besides losing his time. The defendant pays his lawyer, loses no time, and has to "fork over" $1,20 costs, to the tune $1,25.

A NEW ANTIDOTE.—Coffee is said, by Dr. Auguste Langenschwarz, to be a good antidote against poisons. "If, for example, a patient allows at 7 o'clock, a spoonful of Iodine preparation, and then takes ten minutes after only a spoonful of good coffee, he will at half past 8 have no more Iodine in his system than he has at above force in his saliva."

A UNION MOVEMENT IN REGARD TO CHINA.—Lord Palmerston, in the recent debate in the British House of Commons, in regard to China, said that if these troubles had not occurred, was the intention of the government, in connection with that of France and the Government of the United States, to unite in applying to the government of China to be permitted to have representatives to Pekin; that hope had, however, been disappointed, but he had no doubt that it would be revived. The recent acts in China are not of a character to recommend a proposition of that character coming from those sources.

POLITICAL NEWS.

KANSAS FREE STATE CONVENTION.—The Convention adopted the resolution not to participate in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, provided for by the late Legislature. Further advices state that General Robinson has withdrawn his resignation as a candidate for Governor of the State of Kansas, and declared his adhesion to the principles of the Topeka Convention.

A committee was appointed by the Convention, to frame a petition to the President, asking that the public lands be held subject to pre emption for ten years from the present time.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.—Resolutions denunciatory of the recent decision of the Supreme Court, were introduced into the Pennsylvania Senate on March 23d, and were referred to a Select Committee by a strict party vote, the Republicans voting for such reference, and the Democrats against it.

GOVERNOR GEARY had a long conversation, on the 23d inst., with the President and Cabinet, relative to the condition of Kansas. On the 26th, he had a long private interview with the President, early in the morning. Rumors are current of a sudden coolness between the Governor and the Administration, but as yet they are nothing but rumors.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.—The Departments are overwhelmed with applications, personal and by mail, for the minor appointments, growing out of a misapprehension of the principle of rotation, which, as a general rule, is intended to apply only to the larger class of officers.

It is said that Mr Aiken, of South Carolina, has been tendered the post of Minister to Russia, but that he would prefer to succeed Mr. Dallas, if possible. Francis Gallagher of Baltimore, is talked of as the Consul for Glasgow. Hundreds of applications have been made for the Liverpool Consulate, which will soon be vacant. Messrs. Pease, Murphy & Co., of New York, have been awarded the contract for building the revenue cutter destined for the light-house service in California.

The following list of New York appointments is announced as the selection of the Administration:—Collector, Augustus Schell; Surveyor, Mr. Hart; Navy Agent, Mr. Sanders; U S Marshal, Captain Rynders; Postmaster, Mr. Fowler; Naval Officer, L. H. Birdsall.

THE HARRISBURG CONVENTION.—The Republican and Union Convention at Harrisburg, on March 26th, nominated David Wilmot for Governor of Pennsylvania, by a vote of 99 out of 157. A resolution to make the nomination unanimous was adopted. Wm. Millward, of Philadelphia, was nominated for Canal Commissioner, and the nomination was made unanimous. A series of resolutions were adopted, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Senate, a resolution to instruct the Committee on Vice and Immorality to inquire into the expediency of repealing a part of the law restraining the sale of intoxicating liquors was disagreed to—yeas 16, nays 15.

KANSAS APPOINTMENTS.—The Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Miss., has accepted the Governorship of Kansas. Frederic P. Stanton, of Tenn., has the office of Secretary of State. The latter proceeded at once to Kansas. Walker is promised the whole support of the Government.

TRAGICAL INCIDENT.—The Nashville, Tennessee, Banner of March 20th contains the following:—

"The particulars of one of the most unaccountable suicides have just come to our knowledge. Two servants of Mr. Jones, proprietor of Union Hall, in this city, one a yellow man named Levi, and the other black, named Allen, ran away on Sunday night last. It appears that they intended to get on the night train for Chattanooga, but arrived a moment too late. They took the track on foot and proceeded a few miles, secreting themselves until Monday night in a thicket. They then appeared at Antioch when the night train came along, and the yellow man purchased tickets for *himself and servant* for Chattanooga. The trick was not detected—Levi passed as a white man, and took his nap put at the same table with the other passengers, ordering food for his servant at a side table. The attention of Mr. Charles Fox, merchant of this city, who was on board, on his way to New York, was attracted to Levi, and after a little scrutiny he recognized him, though disguised in a fine suit of clothes. Mr. Fox, on Tuesday morning, before reaching Chattanooga, questioned Levi, and becoming satisfied that he was running away, collared him, and intimated that he was a prisoner. Levi was wrapped in a blanket, and he managed to draw a pistol from his breast without the movement being noticed, and turning the muzzle upon his abdomen, fired and fell on his seat. Mr. Fox and other passengers fled in an opposite direction, under the impression that he was firing at them, and when they turned back he had drawn a bowie knife and cut his throat, and was a corpse.

"His companion, Allen, was arrested and brought home. Allen says that Levi was to have been joined at Chattanooga by a disreputable woman from this city, who was to travel with him as his wife, while Allen was cast for the more humble position of servant. Levi had about $80 in money and a good wardrobe. Allen says he had provided his female friend with the clothes, and a good pistol, and a new trunk.

"Levi was an excellent servant, always obedient and tractable, and unusually intelligent. Mr. Jones is of opinion that the tale of Allen is true, as he thinks Levi would not have left unless induced by some strong inducements.

"We understand that these boys were seen at the depot, and going back and forth on Sunday night, with baggage, but no suspicion was excited. The conductor was excusable, we presume, in suffering himself to be imposed upon, as the occurrence took place at night, and Levi played his part with great *sang froid*."

FOREIGN NEWS.—It is supposed that Lord Palmerston will defeat the opposition on the Chinese question, by a small majority. Spain continues her warlike preparations against Mexico. The Spanish Government organ demands France and England to impose neutrality on the United States. The Circassians have again beaten the Russians on the banks of the Laba. The Russian Government is preparing to act against the Affghans, and is reinforcing the army destined to this end. The sovereign of Bokhara, much alarmed at Russia's movements to obtain the Khannate of Khokand, has solicited the mediation of the Sultan to secure the independence of that province.

The latest news from China reports that Admiral Seymour, by way of reprisal for the recent attack on the British fleet, had burned down the western suburbs of Canton.

MUNIFICENT SAVAN.—We learn from the "Charleston Mercury," that Michaux, the well-known French botanist and author of "American Forest Trees," has remembered the "New World," in which he so long labored, most munificently, in his last will and testament, bequeathing as the generous sum of $22,000 for the encouragement of sylviculture and horticulture; $14,000 to the American Philosophical Society, and $8,000 to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. It is now more than half a century since Michaux's first labors in this country, and there are at present growing on the Ashley River, South Carolina, says the "Mercury," Camelia Japonica trees planted by his own hands, over thirty feet in height, branching from the very roots, and crowned every year with the glory of their magnificent bloom.

THE DEAN AND BOKER CASE.—The application of John Dean, the coachman who married his wealthy employer's daughter, for the restoration of his wife, has been adjudicated, and his plea granted. The report of the appointed physicians, testified to the perfect sanity of the young lady; who, being of legal age, had a right to marry whom she would. The marriage having been decided to be perfectly legal in all its forms, the young couple have arranged to go to Louisville, Ky., where Dean has a brother-in-law in business, and where he hopes to live in happiness with his bride. Numerous offers of pecuniary aid, from friends and from strangers interested in his exploit have been tendered to him, but he has steadily and uniformly refused them all, preferring to rely for success on his own efforts.

PRIVATE intelligence from Central America states that a Conference of Commissioners from Costa Rica, Guatamala, Honduras and San Salvador, was in session at San Miguel negotiating for the partition and annexation of Nicaragua among the other States named above. The proposition to this arrangement is said to have come from Nicaragua.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York. BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass, MILTON ROULEMET, Mobile, Ala. J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md. HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn. S. W. PEASE & Co., 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati. ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa. SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut. E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia. A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

ODE:—

Away with *Winter Clothes* so warm,
The Tweeds and plaids, warm lined and bright,
In which long months, for sake of form,
We robed, instead of garments light!
Petitcoats, Talmas, Kaolan coats,
The Queen of Fashion liked them better,
But Sue now over Stokes' floats,
And tells us all her worries gather.
The muddy days, the rippling rain,
Demand from all a chance of raiment;
'Tis dear to those connected in bills,
But cheap to those who make—*cash payments.*
A faultless *Spring shirt*, unsurpassed,
Unequalled, even by other folks,
May now be had by all who pass
Other Stores, to stop at Granville Stokes',
No. 26 Chestnut St., Philada.

PROF. WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—Inasmuch as nothing calculated to be found an advertisement of this popular restorative. We know nothing of its merits save what we read, but that is sufficient, particularly when we see such testimonies of its efficacy as the following, which we clip from the Ottawa *Free Trader*:

"Having tried successively nearly eight hundred "hair tonics" on our own bald denuded crown, we about but all confidence in nostrums of that sort, until a week ago we met a distinguished gentleman of this State whom we had seen at those same ages with thin hair, and as gray as a rat, now sporting as fine a head of hair as one could wish. We determined the secret of his improved appearance, which he readily acknowledged to be by ascribing it to the virtues of Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. We shall try that next."—*Rock River Democrat.*

For sale by all Druggists.

THE DEAN MARRIAGE.—Last week, Judge Davies paid a visit to Miss Mathilde Antoinette Roker, otherwise Mrs. John Dean, at the residence of her father. It was agreed upon between Judge Davies and the counsel that a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* should be appointed in the case of Mrs. D. The commission was soon satisfied of her sanity from the fact that she had advised her husband to procure his clothing at the parental establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 20 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FINE, beautiful Hair—jet black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without shades or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its excellence and universal popularity. The Ladies universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the Hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.

Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WYNKOOP & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery at all kinds, 60 Liberty St., New York. apr4-1f

TO ALL WHO SUFFER FROM WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY, we say, try the Oxygenated Bitters—a medicine which contains no alcohol, and has cured the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Asthma, and all derangements of the stomach.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ALPINE HAIR BALM assures all who feel disposed to try his Balm, that it will restore their hair if turned gray to its natural color, it will bring out new hair, it will cure Dandruff immediately, keeps the hair from falling off.

C. A. P. MASON, CHEMIST,
Proprietor, Prov. R. I.

For sale by B. & G. A. WRIGHT, Boston, Mass., wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct11-1f

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-1f

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 49 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N Y. 1f

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. HENRY C. DAVIS, to Miss EMILY E. KELLY, daughter of Capt. John Kelly, U. S. Navy, all of Philadelphia.

At Hamiltonville, on the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. C. Yarnall, JOHN C. ALLEN, of Iowa City, to ELIZABETH C. BROOKE, daughter of the late Saml. Brooke, of Pottsville, Pa.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES SPENCER, to Mrs. MATILDA DUNLAP, both of Bucks county.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. BARNEY GETZ, to Miss ANNA BROWN.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Rev. JACOB DICKERSON, of the Philadelphia Conference, to Miss ANN CHESTER WINCHESTER, daughter of Mr. A. Winchester, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Rocke, Mr. GEORGE MORRISON, late of California, to MARY J. PHILLIPS, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d of Feb. by the Rev. William H. Elliott, Mr. PETER L. SNYDER, to Miss EMMA V. YOUNG, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. George C. Arnold, Mr. JOHN MCKROWN, to Miss SARAH HAMILTON, both of Philadelphia.

At Green Hill Farm House, near Haddington, on the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. H. H. Bodine, Mr. JOHN LEE, to Miss MARY A. HOLSTEAD, all of Haddington.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM C. JOHNSON, to Miss JOANNA P. CALDWELL, both of Del. county, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. JOHN MCKALVEY, to Miss JANE LOGAN, both of Downingtown, Pa.

On the 15th of Jan. last, by the Rev. T. A. Forsley, Mr. JOHN R. WITTENAY, of this city, to Miss MARY E. TODD, formerly of Dover, Del.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. F. W. Rutter, Mr. WILLIAM KNORR, to Miss JANE GREEN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th of Nov. by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. EDWARD C. HILL, to Miss MARGARET A. STEVENSON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 19th of Jan. by the Rev. F. Wenshel, Mr. CHAS. LIPPOTT, to Miss CATHARINE FACKLER, daughter of Mr. L. Fackler, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st ultimo, by H. T. Peak, Esq., Mr. CHARLES M. SLOAN, to MAGGIE S. daughter of Daniel M. Milburn, both of Mt. Holly, N. J.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. J. I. NORVAL DOUGLASS, to Miss ETHELIND E. BATTIN, daughter of Saml. Battin, Esq. both of this city.

On the 4th of July last, by the Rev. R. O'Conner, Mr. JOSEPH T. KEHLER, to Miss MARGARET T. MERRY, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. JAMES SMITH, to Miss MARY J. DOWNEY, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. John W. Pierson, WILLIAM R. WARNER, of this city, to Miss FANNIE A. DEWLIN, of Easton, Md.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, Mr. DANIEL SHARPLY, to Miss ANN H. GRAHAM, both of Manayunk.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM R. GLENN, aged 27 years.
On the 24th ultimo, HULDA R. wife of Wm. K. Moodey, aged 28 years.
On the 23d ultimo, MARY, wife of John Strasser, Sr. aged 53 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM OWENS, aged 30 years.
On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM B. LARASON, aged 52.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE WOODSELL.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH PAINTER, aged 67.
On the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM C. LAWRENCE, aged 39.
On the 25th ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Patrick Gurney, aged 35 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mr. HENRY GRAVEL, aged 81 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH J. KEYSER, daughter of Mary and the late Moses Tinsman, aged 28 years.
On the 23d ultimo, WILLIAM HAUSE, aged 77 years.
On the 23d ultimo, JULIA A. PERKINS, aged 12 years and 7 months.
On the 23d ultimo, near West Chester, Miss SUSAN W. HUESTON.
On the 5th ultimo, BRIDGET, daughter of John and Susan Welsh, aged 3 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. JULIA A. STROUP, aged 43 years.
On the 23d ultimo, GERTRUDE KLAPP, daughter of Geo. W. and Margaret Yates, aged 17 years.
On the 23d ultimo, LEONARD G. FOSTER, aged 43 years.
On the 21st ultimo, CHARLES FREDERICKS, daughter of Kerper and Elizabeth Lang, aged 5 years and 5 months.
On the 23d ultimo, JOSEPH ALTEMUS, son of Jacob L. and Mary A. Waine, aged 5 years and 6 months.
At Germantown, on the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SUSANNA FLEW, aged 64 years.
On the 22d ultimo, MARTHA, wife of Thomas McAdams, Jr., aged 38 years.
On the 22d ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. J. and Anna M. Dodd, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 21st ultimo, LOUISA, wife of Vincent Locatili.
On the 21st ultimo, JOHN W. RICHMAN, aged 42 years.
On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. JANE MARE, wife of Henry Ballaurd, aged 28 years.
On the 21st ultimo, MARGARET THEODOCIA, daughter of Geo. and Theodosia Meather, aged 2 years and 1 month.
On the 15th ultimo, JOHN R. PARSON, aged 61 years.
On the 21st ultimo, REBECCA JANE, daughter of Wm. and Eliza Mitchell, aged 4 years and 5 months.
At Camden, on the 20th ultimo, JOHN D. YOUNG, aged 58.
On the 21st ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM COOPER, aged 34 years.
On the 20th ultimo, RACHEL, wife of Michael Dismer, aged 25 years.
On the 20th ultimo, HENRY P. JACQUES, aged 4 years and 8 months.
On the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM POTTS, aged 65 years.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 20 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, March, 30 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**GEORGIA.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Relief notes	¼ dis	Bk Columbus	no sale
Lancaster bank	40 dis	Bk of Middle G'rgia	no sale
Erie City bk	30 dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk of Newcastle	failed	New bks	2 to 5 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Merchants' & Planters' bk, Savannah	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Mechs bk Hudson	30 dis	Southern bk	no sale
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	30 dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	par	**ALABAMA.**	
Under 5's	¼ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
MARYLAND.		Other solv bks	5 dis
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Far & Mech bk Kent co	¼ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	**OHIO.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		Bk of Circleville	55 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Canal bk Cleveland	8 dis
9th Avenue bk	8 dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Knickerbocker bk	14 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	**INDIANA.**	
Mer & Man bk Oswego	20 dis	New solvent bks	2 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	20 dis	State of	4 dis
Empire City bk	14 dis	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Central bk	14 dis	Greencry bk, Lafayette	5 dis
Champlain bk	no sale	Other bks	5 to 20 dis
MAINE.		**ILLINOIS.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi	2 dis
Bk of Hallowell	2 dis	Rensselaville bk, Rushville,	5 dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	Solvent bks	35 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Agricultural bk	20 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Amer Ex bk	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**MISSOURI.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Lancaster bk	closed	**TENNESSEE.**	
VERMONT.		Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	Bk of West Tenn	no sale
South Royalton bk	2 dis	River Bank	no sale
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Small notes	2½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		Central bk	no sale
Solv bks	1 dis	Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.		New bks	3 to 5 dis
Solv bks	1 dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
Bk Republ Providence	75 dis	Solv bks	2 dis
CANADA.		**ARKANSAS.**	
Solv bks	2 dis	All bks	no sale
VIRGINIA.		**WISCONSIN.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis	**TEXAS.**	
Com'th Alexandria	2 dis	Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks	14 dis		
Small notes	2 dis		

PRAIRIE FLOWER SUPERSEDED!!

A NEW NOVEL

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE,

OR;

THE PAWNBROKER'S HEIR

BY EMERSON BENNETT, Esq.,

Author of "The Prairie Flower," "Leni Leoti," "Clara Moreland," etc.

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A COATING FOR THE WRONG LEGS.

A gentleman of this city, who has the bad fortune to be troubled with rheumatism in the legs, and the good fortune to have an excellent wife, who is ever prompt in applying the usual remedies to arrest the vexatious pains of this treacherous complaint, went home one evening last week, suffering greatly from his old "misery." His zealous wife immediately rushed to the sideboard, and taking out the bottle of what she supposed to be *Dalley's Pain Extractor*, proceeded to rub the afflicted husband's legs and feet with the magical elixir. With a grateful smile the affectionate husband signified his great relief, remarking, also, that a good wife was really an inestimable blessing.

"And, by-the-by, my dear," continued the affectionate spouse, "I see you have been varnishing the legs of this old furniture; they have needed it for a long time."

"What put that into your head?" asked the good wife.

"Why can't I smell? I must certainly have a bad cold if I could escape that rather strong odor of copal varnish which pervades the room."

"You are mistaken; I haven't opened the varnish bottle to day."

At this the husband, happening to cast his eyes down to his kneeling wife, who was still rubbing his pedal extremities, was astonished and horrified at the spectacle they presented. They were of a beautiful mahogany color, so brightly polished that he could see his own startled countenance as distinctly in them as in a looking-glass. Seizing the bottle of magical elixir, what was his horror to discover that it was labled "copal varnish!"

This explained the odor, and established an important fact in medical practice, that the best cure for rheumatism is a thick coating of copal varnish. We had heard the same remedy employed in cases of cholera, to arrest perspiration, but this is the first case we have ever known of its being found as effective in restoring the damaged legs of men as those of tables and sideboards.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A HOOSIER DOORKEEPER.—Some years since, at a time when Ludlow & Smith, the since opulent theatrical managers, were travelling with a large company through the western part of Indiana, everything was flat—business was stagnated; canals were frozen up, and as for money, no such article was in circulation. Yet the managers strode on, and every member of the company knowing them to be "good," stuck to them like wax. After a time, the managers, almost in despair, reached something of a sizeable town—put out their bill—after roving, secured a magnificent Hall in the shape of an old barn, and calmly awaited the result. The constable of the town was secured as money taker, (money was taken at the door) and evening arrived. Many an anxious eye from the stage peeped through the little hole in the green curtain—and, amazement! the Temple barn was soon crowded. The performances went off that night nervously and charmingly. Every body, actress and actor, was greeted with shouts. At last the performance was concluded, and in an ecstasy of delight, one of the managers sought the doorkeeper.

"Rather good house, Mr. Doorkeeper."

"O'yes, right smart—here's the dockerments." Here Mr. Doorkeeper handed the astonished manager *one dollar and fifty cents* exactly.

"But, my dear sir, the hall was full; how can you account for so small a return?"

"Dod wash it, do you doubt my honor, stranger—that's all I tuk at the door. You see that big breaking yonder: well, most of the audience bruck in there."

"Yes, but you—"

"Stranger, there's my coat off—I was put here to *keep the door*, I have kept it, now if you insinuate as how I ought, without instructions, to have kept the breakage, here's *fight* for the whole crowd."

There was no fight.

A GOOD ONE.—Dr. Magoon, recently in a lecture on "Mind your Business," told the following good one:

A young man went from New York city to the west, where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His friends in the city were interested in his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young man had located, he was requested to visit the emigrant and ascertain how he lived, what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, &c. Accordingly the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him quite early in the morning. He found him in a small neat cottage, and just taking his breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite off hand and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated, and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit, and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneading board, over which a napkin was spread, and the "board" placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at the table and took his leave. On making his report to his New York friends as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as "magnificent!"—and for explanation of the superlative he said, that were he the owner of that young man's furniture, he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table!

MRS. PARTINGTON ON GARROTING.—"People garroted in New York," said Mrs. Partington, as she heard for the first time of the new mode of choking money out of people. She remembered simply the name and construed it her own way. "People garreted in New York! well it isn't so bad after all as being cellared in Boston, where wretched men and women live, more like rats than Christians, under ground, and their children sprout in the damp air like potatoes. These garreted people must be the ones that write the poetry for the papers, because they have always lived in 'em and had their ideas come in through the skylight, like pigeons through a barn window. But the poor things that lives in the cellars, heaven save 'em, can't help it. There they be, like Daniels in the lion's den, with rage on their backs and misery on their faces, that a little soap and water would help some. Talk of being garreted; depend upon it being cellared is a great deal the worse." She here subsided, as the murmur of waters subsides when the jug empties itself, and, lost amid the whirl of gleaming knitting needles, she became oblivious, forgetting that Ike was sound near where the preserve jar stood.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

"Blessed are those that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

I saw him—he had come
From his far distant home
In the West;
A jingling purse he showed,
And in the latest mode
He was dress'd.

His face was all a smile
And he talked all the while
How he took
Such an interest in the late
Election in his State
For old Buck.

He always felt the ties
Of party—let it rise,
Let it fall;
'Twas not for reward
That he had worked so hard
Not at all.

But office he could bear
As the bravest soldier'd wear
Epaulets,
Which fit his rank, you know—
And to the public show
What he gets.

I saw him after that,
He had a kinky hat
On his head;
His shoes were worn away,
And his pocket seemed to say
"Nary red."

And loudly he declared
That for party man be cared
Not a jot;
He scorned their dirty tricks,
And as for politics,
'Twas a plot.

Folks saw the sudden change,
And thought it wondrous strange
At the best;
Our friend did not explain,
But took an early train
For the West.

EVIDENCE UPON EVIDENCE.—An exchange says that Mr. ——— came home late one night from the "meeting," and was met at the door by his indignant spouse with the usual reprimand on such occasions—the same probably used by Mrs. Noah when her husband stayed late at the vintage:

"Pretty time of night, Mr. ———, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."

"'Tisn't three—it's only one, I heard it strike; Council always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr. ———, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. ———, it's one. I heard it strike one, as I came round the corner, *two or three times.*"

His spouse could say no more; so she retired.

JUVENILE ENDORSEMENT.—The Knickerbocker Magazine has recorded a vast number of funny things said by "the little people," but all the clever speeches of the juveniles don't get into the Editor's Table. Here is one that will do:—A little girl, five or six years of age, the daughter of a clergyman residing in a neighboring State, being asked by a stranger, whose little girl she was, replied, "I am the daughter of the Rev. Mr. ——— and grand-daughter of the Rt. Reverend Bishop ———," and then added, in a solemn and patronising manner, *"and very intelligent people they are!"*

WHOSE PARDON?—Davy Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of animals, in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his particular attention, and he abstractedly observed:

"If that fellow had on a pair of spectacles, he would look like Major Wright of Ohio."

The Major happened to be just behind Crockett, and tapped Davy on the shoulder. Turning around, Davy very formally remarked:

"I'll be hanged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask, yours or the monkey's."

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—Sir Christopher Tawny (a great favorite in the North) has some wonderful old Port wine, which he says he laid down at the birth of his eldest daughter. The wine is undoubtedly remarkably fine, but the most wonderful thing about it is that, whereas the wine is thirty-two years old, the young lady, who is still unmarried, is only just entering her three-and-twentieth year! Sir Christopher says that his daughters so far differ in body and temper from his wine, that the longer he keeps them the younger he finds them grow! —*Punch.*

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.—The following account of an English fisherman, from the Knickerbocker, is a good one. A friend, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed him, as he was skillfully "essaying the wily fisher's art," for trout, with:—

"Hello, there! Got anything?"

"*Got* anything? Of *course* not. *I only came here last Wednesday!*" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

THE TEACHER POSED.—A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?"

"Don't know, sir," was the answer.

"Well, now," pursued the teacher, "*if I* were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir!" replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

HOW TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER THE HEART OF A TREE BE SOUND, BEFORE CUTTING IT DOWN.—Take an augur of about a foot in diameter, and bore a hole directly through the middle of the tree. This done, push in a lantern and a small boy. If he has the least sense, he can tell at once whether it be sound or not.

HORSES.—So far as progress is concerned, it is useless to breed from mares deficient in form, spirit and movement, or common, cheap horses, whose chief recommendation is that they are large, look bright, sleek and fat, being well-fed and well-groomed. The country is full of large, dull, spiritless horses, whose feet in travelling dangle as if the pastern joint was a pivot or swivel, from which the foot depended. The Morgan roadster raises the foot from the ground, and casts it forward as if making an air line, as true and exact as if moved by machinery.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SINGULAR FACT.—Macaulay, in his "History of England," states the significant fact, that no large society of which the language is not Teutonic (Gothic) has ever turned Protestant; and that wherever a language derived from ancient Rome is spoken, the religion of modern Rome to this day prevails.

IN A HURRY.

Boy.—"Now then, sir! The more you look the less you'll like it! Get over, or else let us come!"

Agricultural.

PURCHASE OF HORSES, ETC.

There are few specific cases that have led to more disputes, private or legal, than the apparently simple one as to whether a horse is or is not sound. With deference I submit my ideas as regards this often disputed point. I conceive a sound horse to be one at the time free from ailment, either outwardly or internally, and one who exhibits no direct predisposition or likelihood, with fair and judicious treatment, to become otherwise.

The taking a professional opinion on this subject generally saves an infinity of after trouble and dispute. It sets the case at rest at once; a horse having undergone such scrutiny acquits, in nine cases in ten, the seller of any imputation of having (willingly) sold an unsound horse, and may, in most cases, satisfy the purchaser that he has bought a sound one. But be it remembered that neither the physician nor veterinarian is infallible, though in most cases correct, and the vet., when called on in his public capacity to examine a horse, has only to pronounce his opinion as to whether the animal is sound, or the reverse, at the time he is shown to him for examination. As an honest man he does this, and is bound, in all fairness between buyer and seller, so to do; but at the same time the *opinion* he so gives is a very different thing to the *advice* he might give to a friend as a friend. For instance, some horses' hocks are so formed, and so placed, as, in technical phrase, to cause the horse to be termed a "curby-hocked one," which means that, when put to work, the horse having such is almost sure to throw out curbs, or spavins, of more or less magnitude. Now, this is no unsoundness, nor can it physically, or rather anatomically, be called a "malformation," though it virtually is so. The vet would not be justified in rejecting such a horse as an unsound one, though he might privately advise a friend not to buy him; and there are many cases indicating a likelihood of ailment that are no present or immediate certainties of bringing on unsoundness. We must not hang a man on suspicion, nor is a vet. authorized in condemning a horse on the same premises.

I think I may say that, among the very many horses I have bought for myself, I never took half-a-dozen professional opinions in my life, and among the hundreds and many hundreds they have been that I have purchased for others, I have very rarely omitted doing it. It has been a satisfaction to myself doing so, and no imputation could then be cast on my judgment; and again I felt, and I would strongly recommend others to consider the same, that, in the case of the lowest priced horse, if he was worth £20 he was worth £20 10s. What I might choose to do in my own case has nothing to do with the matter. If I chose to trust to my own judgment in such cases, the risk was only mine; and, fortunately for me, I did not often suffer by it.

There are cases in which no professional skill can insure our not getting an unsound, or, at least, an objectionable, animal into our possession—for instance, one subject to megrims or staggers, on occasion, particularly in very hot weather. A horse may have had a strain, from which he was, to all human judgment, or foresight, cured. He appeared so at the time of sale, but on being put to work, the old grievance comes out. In cases where fraud is intended, hot water and positive rest will do wonders, against which all skill is set at naught. A chronic cough, quietude and sedative medicines will sometimes allay. In short, there are cases in which the most astute medical practitioner may be deceived by equally astute rascality. I could make a regularly broken-winded one breathe as placidly and without that peculiar jerk of the abdominal parts, as any sound-winded horse (that is, for a few hours,)—by what means I need not tell those in the secret, and certainly shall not tell those who are not.

The only resource left us in cases where treatment baffles even professional skill is to find out whether the animal has at a prior date been subjected to lameness, or constitutional defect; in such case, though he went sound at the time of sale, and no visible remains of disease existed, he was not, strictly speaking, a sound horse, and a seller would by any jury be cast, and compelled to take him back. I mention these cases, which are, perhaps, of rare occurrence, to show that, if persons with professional skill and ingenuity may yet be deceived, how little ought the generality of buyers to trust to their own judgment.

I am quite ready to admit that few men holding the character of gentlemen would so far degrade themselves as to sell an unsound horse for a sound one. I should equally acquit a respectable dealer in horses from any such intention; but either may be or have been deceived; and one or the other, on selling a horse, and on his being subjected to professional investigation, may be perfectly astonished at finding him rejected as an unsound animal. The gentleman would probably be at once exonerated from any dishonorable intention by his compeers, but nine persons in ten would at once condemn the dealer as having endeavored to impose upon them. Give a dog a bad name, &c; but the former sweeping allegations against dealers are fast wearing away, and people very properly now hold a respectable dealer in horses in the same light as a respectable dealer in any other marketable commodity. The chief cause that led to the dealer in horses being held in the bad odor he was, arose from the variable nature of the article in which he dealt. A wine merchant can decide to a certainty whether his wine is sound or not; a dealer in horses cannot come to so decided an opinion as regards his horses.

It appears somewhat extraordinary to those well acquainted with horses, the difficulty there sometimes is in making others perceive that a horse goes unequally—in fact, goes lame; they cannot detect it in the gait of the animal. There is one way in which I have found them detect it at once. If it is a sunshiny day, direct their attention to the shadow of the horse's head on the ground, or better still, against a wall; here they will perceive a jerk in the shadow by the motion of the head, that no pointing out could make them detect in the motions of the animal. The same holds good as regards a horse defective in his wind. Place him against any fixed object; the sudden jerk of the body thus affected usually made is perceived at once, though not to be detected by an unpracticed eye, by merely looking at the horse as he stands under ordinary circumstances. Such practice is not, I grant, very artistic; but it answers the purpose when used in the case of those who are not artists.

I frequently remember the old adage:

> A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not, &c.

If a man knows enough to save himself in ordinary cases from loss or deception as regards his horses, it is well; but if he knows just so much more as to induce him to act on his own judgment, without that judgment being sufficiently formed to secure him from error, he has only sipped of the water of knowledge, but has not drunk deep enough for any useful purpose.—*Cor. London Field.*

SMOKED STRAW.—On going into the cabin of a small farmer the other day, I found him putting a quantity of straw on an open loft over his kitchen, which, like all other cabin kitchens enjoyed the warm benefit of an abundance of smoke, the flues being so artistically constructed as to throw back most of the smoke of the fires. "What are you doing here?" "Putting up straw to smoke." "Straw to smoke?" "Yes; some time ago I observed that the straw of the corn kilns was greedily eaten by cattle (in the construction of our corn kilns, instead of tiles or iron plates being used, stone joists are placed across, on which straw is spread, which straw becomes smoked.) I have since smoked my straw, and I find that the cows eat more freely inferior or stale straw when so smoked, than they do that which has been fresh threshed out and unsmoked, thrive on it more, and come into season more readily." This man is very intelligent, and may be relied on for so far as his experience extends. Another man, a pensioned sergeant of the line, says that on his giving smoked straw to a cow which had refused the bull for two years, she came in season within a fortnight after he had commenced giving her the straw. I give this as I have it, as I think it a novel fact, and one worth giving publicity to and entitled to trial. It may be the effect is produced by the straw being given warm. It is to be observed that the firing used is peat, and that coal smoke might not be so well relished. If this prove so, possibly the smoke of wood or weeds might answer.—*Cor. London Gardener's Chronicle.*

PROLAPSUS UTERI IN COWS.—Dr. Dadd recommends washing the protruded part with a small quantity of powdered bayberry, to remove any extraneous substance; it is then to be pushed in with one hand by successive portions while it is retained by the other; and after being replaced, if it does not contract sufficiently to maintain its place, a brush must be rubbed around the belly and back to excite contraction. A pad wet in alum water must then be applied to the part externally, and kept there by a bandage if necessary as long as it appears to be required. Before the process is commenced, the cow should be made to rise, if lying down, and the protruded part held by a cloth placed under it, and drawn up by two persons holding the ends.—*Country Gentleman.*

MY ARTIFICIAL STONE HOUSE.

I wish to say some words upon the best and cheapest material for building houses, and the mode of use. I like the material used and recommended by Fowler and others—artificial stone walls, made of lime, sand, and stones—that is, cobble stones, fragments of brick, coal cinders, &c. But I object to the usual method of using it in what are called "grout" houses, cement houses, &c. It is sloppy and annoying work to build it up in troughs, as is usually done. The fluid runs down over the walls, and each layer does not harden fast enough to build on, as soon as is often wished.

I use the same material, and propose to obviate these objections by a neater and pleasanter mode of use, which shall be easier and stronger work than the usual mode. I make my material into blocks of stone, and build my house of these. Thus, make cheaply some 20 or 30 boxes, of sides only, without top or bottom, of proper size, say two feet long, one foot high, and fourteen to eighteen inches wide. These are the dimensions of the future blocks. Make up, of a morning, sufficient material in a bed, fill up all the boxes, smooth the tops, and go off. Next morning lift off the boxes; let the blocks stand to dry and harden; set the boxes in a new place, and fill up as before. Do this under a shed, or if out-doors, cover over the blocks during the first rains, and they will soon harden enough to use. In this way any Irishman may, in twenty-five mornings, at 50 cents or less, each, *hew out* stone enough for a large house.

Then build your house, as any one would, of stone. The blocks for first story may be 14 or 16 or 18 inches wide, and for second story, 10 or 12, narrowing the mould boxes by nailing a board or two inside, or sawing the ends narrower. Walls so built are dry; but they may be made still more so, and warmer if possible, and still cheaper, if any one could wish it, by putting a wooden cylinder or two into the mould-box, and knocking it out after the box is lifted off, thus making dead air in the wall. Besides this, the wall is of course to be furred and and lathed and plastered inside. Of course some blocks are to be made solid, for corners and ends of the walls.

Given the dimensions of your house, and one can easily calculate the number of blocks needed, and any farmer's boy may make them.

In laying the wall, if, in order to bring a flush wall for door or window, it should be necessary to leave a few inches between some blocks, the space may be easily filled by pieces of brick or regular stones well mortared in.

I commend this as the *best* plan for building a cheap and durable house—better than brick, as good as stone, and lasts forever. If nice finish is needed, cement and color the outside wall, and lay it off by lines, like stone, as indeed it is.

If any one doubt this plan, try it on a smoke-house, or hog-pen, or shed of any kind, or, indeed, a stone wall.

No rats infest this house, no storm can shake it, no wind whistle through it. Dry, tight, warm in winter and cool in summer, it is the cheapest, strongest, and best.

A good proportion of the ingredients which Fowler and all others recommend, is—say 10 bushels or barrow loads of lime, 20 of sand, and 70 of stones, &c., and any quantity of water. I take it for granted your readers understand something of the gravel wall plan. I write merely to advocate the block stone plan—the same material, but in different shape. One can see how cheap must be the walls of a house with only one-tenth lime, and that so cheap, and the other materials nine-tenths, costing nothing.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

BEST GRAPES FOR A VINERY.—The following list of grapes for a vinery may be relied on, and in this mode we answer many inquiries. The present season will no doubt add the Bowood Muscat and Golden Hamburg, which are to be dispersed in England this spring, and are spoken of as most valuable, of the highest grade of *beauty*, and "best." At present, our list is as follows:

Best Grapes.—Muscat, of Alexandria; Black Hamburg; Royal Muscadine or Fontainbleau; M'Creany's Early White Pitmaston; Chasselas Musqe, (this Grape is apt to crack, but in every other respect, among the "best;") Purple Chasselas; Black Prince; Black St. Peters; Dean's superb; Grizzly Frontignan.

For Curiosity.—De la Palestine.

For Show and Beauty.—Purple Damascus; Reine de Nice; Flame colored Tokay; White Nice; Syrian.

To this list many would add Black Morocco, but, without fire-heat, it is a bad setter.

If we could cultivate only one grape, it would be *Black Hamburg.* If three—Black Hamburg, Muscat of Alexandria, Fontainbleau, or Royal Muscadine. The Muscat of Alexandria, only with fire-heat, and, without it, White Frontignan.—*Horticulturist for March.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. R. SHEKELL.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 11, 14, 4, 36, 46, were fabled to be intermediate between men and angels.
My 5, 18, 7, 36, 21, 19, 48, 45, was an illustrious statesman and orator of Athens.
My 23, 36, 25, 6, 38, 7, 33, 34, 7, 21, 32, was a distinguished philanthropist, born in the year 1759.
My 40, 5, 3, 46, 20, 31, is a colossal statue in Egypt.
My 19, 9, 43, 6, 14, 21, was the ancient Heliopolis, city of the sun, in Syria.
My 13, 5, 2, 44, 25, 30, was among the ancients the fabled god of fine arts.
My 17, 27, 11, 35, 45, 28, 27, 40, 21, 42, 24, 45, 20, was the first Roman Emperor.
My 15, 35, 14, 47, 47, 36, 4, is in Mohamedan countries the public crier who announces the hour of prayer from the minaret.
My 9, 48, 13, 16, 46, is a Latin word meaning rich.
My 31, 27, 42, 7, 39, 4, 37, 46, 20, 10, properly, signifies forty.
My 12, 44, 21, 3, 11, 41, 16, was an imaginary or pretended science much cultivated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
My 22, 19, 43, 29, 38, 7, was a distinguished French General.
My whole contains the alphabet.

Saline, Michigan.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 30, 16, 29, 22, 31, 5, the muse who presided over comic poetry.
My 13, 1, 8, 24, 25, 28, 11, the most illustrious of Grecian sculptors.
My 18, 4, 6, 2, 6, 14, 32, son of the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo.
My 7, 10, 17, 15, 21, 24, 26, 29, a renowned Spartan.
My 9, 19, 33, 12, 11, the goddess of love and beauty.
My 33, 3, 23, 26, 9, 26, 3, a sea-nymph, in love with Acis.
My 27, 5, 12, 15, 29, were minor rural deities.
My 28, 20, 17, 32, is a Celtic word retained in the Welsh language.
My whole is one of Franklin's sayings.

New Milltown. OMEGA.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CINROS.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 4, 12, 21, 27, is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 28, 23, 17, 29, 6, was a wife of Jupiter.
My 16, 7, 29, 18, 27, 15, 31, was a distinguished New England divine.
My 1, 33, 10, 22, 7, is one of the planets.
My 25, 26, 17, 12, 30, 1, 8, 22, is an arithmetical term.
My 30, 15, 32, is a geometrical term.
My 8, 29, 11, 3, 15, 33, 24, 23, was a distinguished battle-field.
My 13, 31, 2, 14, 8, is a Latin root.
My 6, 15, 5, 26, 23, is a part of the back.
My 11, 33, 10, 9, 27, 17, 12, is a botanical term.
My whole was an important event of American History.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's the end of man,
'Tho' not of womankind;
If you look the Post right closely,
You will my second find.

My third too takes a part
In "making up" the Post;
My fourth remained in Eden,
When Adam favor lost.

My whole is an organ essential to man;
'Tis easy to guess—just try if you can.

Wheeling. XELA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Columbus from old Spain set sail,
(With a discoverer's thirst
For the unknown)—with vessels frail
He came to lands my first.

He boldly crossed an unknown sea,
Which filled his men with fear,
My second gave him energy,
And bid him not despair.

My whole's a town which you may find,
In the Old Keystone State,
Where you may lodge, if you're inclined—
Should you arrive there late!

GAHMEW

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Erase my 1, 5, 6, and I am a numeral.
Erase my 2, 5, 6, and transpose, and I become domestic fowl.
Erase my 3, 4, and I am a multitude.
Erase my 4, 5, 6, and I am a title.
Erase my 3, 5, 6, and I am a garden implement.
Erase my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I become weight.
My whole is what we should ever be.

Warren, Vt. HARP

ANAGRAMS ON STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I name.	I miss our.
Hemp was in her.	Is I ill? No.
V on term.	Lead ware.
Land is red oh.	O, negro.
Laid for.	My lad ran.
A Indian.	At sea.

Covington

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four persons, A, B, C and D, commenced business in partnership: A, B and C's share of the capital invested was $4,035; A, B and D's, $3,760; A, C and D's $3,680; B, C and D's, $3,525. At the expiration of a year the capital stock of the company had increased $6,600. What was each partner's share of that time?

Sheffield, Pa. CHASE

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why was Gen. Burgoyne, on his march southward during the Revolution, like a runaway horse? Ans.—Because he had to stop when he came to Gates.

☞ Why is a bad boy like the branch of a tree?—Because he's a limb.

☞ Why are not all our Congressmen our own countrymen? Ans.—Because one is English, one French, and another Welch.

☞ Why are some bodies of water like hens?—Because they are bays.

☞ What proof have we, of latter days, that we are formed of dust? Ans.—One of our greatest modern men was Clay.

☞ Why is the author's name like the tea shrub spice-wood? Ans.—Because it's tea-woods.

Yours, *pungently*, T. S. WOODS

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—

"Pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"As ye would men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." NOVEL ENIGMA.—"Genevieve, or the Chevalier of the Maison Rouge." CHARADE.—Sinbad. CHARADE.—Hornpipe. CHARADE.—Jeweller (Jewett.) TRANSPOSITION.—Beaver. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—1,760 rods. ARITHMETIC QUESTION.—9.

AN UNFAVORABLE WIND.—One of the historians, in describing the martyrdom of Michael Servetus, the victim of John Calvin's bigotry, says: "He was upwards of two hours in the fire, the wood being green, little in quantity, and the *wind unfavorable.*"